new masses

NOVEMBER 12, 1946

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29th ANNIVERSARY OF THE USSR: A SPECIAL ISSUE

IS RUSSIA EXPANSIONIST? by William Auer

I RETURN HOME by Sergei Kournakoff

Also: Frederick Joliot-Curie, Maxim Gorky, V. D. Kazakevich, John Stuart

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just a minute

CARDINAL STEPINAC, Cardinal Hlond, Cardinal Spellman—the hierarchy is on the front page these days. Whether the representative of the Vatican is on trial as a Nazi-collaborator in Yugoslavia, or is inciting pogroms in Poland, or Red-baiting for Hearst in America the political role of the Church in world affairs is greater than ever before. John Foster Dulles, advisor to Byrnes and Vandenberg and a leading Protestant churchman, has projected the idea of a "World Christian Front."

V. J. Jerome has written an article on this subject which will appear in our November 26 issue. A scholarly, penetrating analysis, Mr. Jerome's work is, we are convinced, of unique and lasting value—an article which you will keep for reference and study.

HOW does this sound to you?

"Equality of rights of citizens of the USA, irrespective of their nationality or race, in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social and political life, is an indefeasible law.

"Any direct or indirect restriction of the rights of, or, conversely, any establishment of direct or indirect privileges for, citizens on account of their race or nationality, as well as any advocacy of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred and contempt, is punishable by law."

Pretty good, isn't it? We just wanted to see what it would look like written this way. Except for the substitution of "USA" for "USSR" the quotation is the text of Article 123 of the Soviet Constitution.

What if this concept of democracy were included in our constitutional law—and *enforced as such!* We wouldn't have to fight to make lynching a crime, to enact a fair employment practices law. Jim Crow would be a dead duck. There'd be no more anti-Semitism, no more "selected clientele" signs, no more "restrictive covenants." Racial quotas for admittance to our schools would be a thing of the past. The Rankins, Bilbos, Talmadges, Gerald L. K. Smiths and Hearsts would be jailed. Millions of Americans would have the right to vote for the first time—including the Negro people in Byrnes' South Carolina. All of this—and more.

As we celebrate the twenty-ninth anniversary of the first socialist country it is well for us to think—and think deeply—about the brotherhood of man and how it can be achieved on earth. Yes, in America, too.

IN OUR September 3 issue we printed in "Mail Call" a letter of greetings to NM from *Thozhilarasu*, organ of the South Indian Railway labor union in Golden Rock, Madras, India. Mr. Rahim, on behalf of that paper's editorial board, wrote: "I earnestly appeal to you that NM must take up the issue of the freedom battle of the colonial countries like India, just as NEW MASSES fights for the rights of Negroes."

Recently Fazal E. Qurban visited our office and we asked him about that union and its paper. Mr. Qurban is vice-president of the All-India Railwaymen's Federation.

"Well, I don't know them personally," he replied, "because they are far in the south and I come from the northern part of India. But your readers may be interested to know what has happened to them."

He told us that on September 5 the workers of the South Indian Railway went out on strike, 42,000 of them. They were attacked by the police who fired pointblank into a demonstration. Four workers were killed and more than 100 others were wounded, including the general secretary of the union. About 1,500 strikers were jailed, the union office was sacked and burned; the library and press of *Thozhilarasu* were destroyed.

We are now preparing an article for early publication on India and the problems of its people in their fight for emancipation.

A. B. MAGIL is on the way back from a cross-country speaking and writing tour. His articles over the past six weeks have given us an editor's-eye view of current trends in American political life.

We are looking forward to his analysis of last Tuesday's elections, which will appear soon in NM.

L. L. B.

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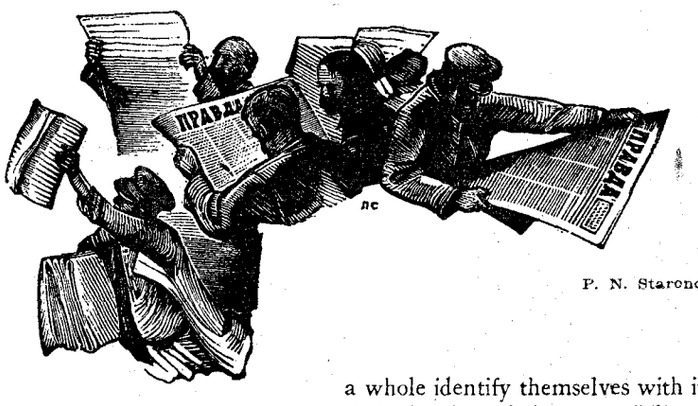
RETURN TO THE FUTURE

Twenty-five years ago the Russian people were struggling at the bottom of an abyss. Today, in freedom, they build the City of Man.

By SERGEI KOURNAKOFF



P. N. Staronosov.

Moscow (by cable).

TO DESCRIBE one's impression after returning to any country after an absence of a quarter century is no easy task. This task becomes more difficult when the country happens to be your own native land. But when events of colossal import have taken place in the interim, the problem is simply staggering.

I have been back in the Soviet Union —what I left was Russia—a little over seven months. I have already written of my impressions elsewhere, but only in a fragmentary way. Instinctively shrinking before the immensity of the whole canvas, I only dared record separate parts of the picture, without attempting to generalize. Nor was such generalization possible before a certain length of time had elapsed, giving the would-be reporter a chance not only to note the "still" features but—what is much more important—to sense the dynamic tempo of the daily, nay, hourly changes which take place before one's very eyes. Figuratively speaking, the still camera won't do here at all. What one needs is a movie camera.

There is something of basic importance which somehow reached my consciousness only after a certain length of time had elaped. I became aware of the fact that during my seven months in Moscow not a single person had ever asked me to read a sign for him or a slip of paper with an address or street name. In the old days this would have happened several times a day, because then only less than one-quarter of the population was literate. Now people do their own reading. Nor is this reading confined to street signs. This year books again are being published in astronomical numbers. But whatever the size of the printing, the public absorbs an edition in a matter of hours. Only the early worm gets a chance at the books; usually by noon all the clerks in the bookstores can do is shrug their shoulders at you. Be it Stalin's complete works, Alexandrov's *Short History of Western Philosophical Thought,* Chekhov's or Tolstoy's books, a treatise on agricultural pests, or a school text on physics—there never seems to be enough books. The same applies to newspapers. The only really long lines I saw in the Soviet Union were those at newsstands.

The inevitable consequence of this mass reading phenomenon is amazingly general familiarity with basic problems of both domestic and international politics. I heard Churchill's Fulton, Missouri, speech discussed by people who of old would have talked mostly of cabbages and beets. Some of these people perhaps put the accent on the second syllable of "Fulton," but they knew exactly what was in the speech and what it meant.

And both on the public platform and on the radio, the number of lectures on scientific, political and social problems is almost staggering. Getting tickets for them is no mean problem. Here too one has to get up early. This general desire and ability to absorb knowledge and information is perhaps one of the most salient features of Soviet life which struck me upon my return.

In the old days in Russia the common man used to refer to the government as "they." "They've declared war"; "they've ordered this or that." Now he says "we" because he feels and knows that the government is nothing but the essence of himself and of millions like himself. Whether an event is positive or negative, people as a whole identify themselves with it. It's their decision, their responsibility, their bit of good or hard luck. Because above all, it's their country.

Moscow, as I remember it, had a fashionable center where clothes shops and restaurants were good. Around this center stretched a huge outlying belt which consisted of miserable houses, beer dives and wretched shops. People there wore awful clothes, slept in "corners," ate bad food and bought junky wares. When they appeared in the center, they felt and were looked upon as outcasts.

All this has radically changed. Some of the best new apartment houses—admittedly too few for the tremendous demand—have been and are being erected in the outskirts near factories for whose workers they are intended. You can go to a delicatessen store near Smolensky Square and you'll find it just as good as (in this case even better than) one on Gorky Street. The same can be said of clothes, hardware, book and other stores. The housewife in Krasnaya-Presnaya wants to, and can, get the same things as the woman on Pushkin Street. Theater ticket offices can be found not only in the smart center, but all over the city. Special ones are to be found in factories.

Stratification of faces and clothes has been abolished also. You can see many rough-hewn peasant faces under generals' red and gold caps. The director of one of Moscow's most important railways is a former engine driver, who wears a smart uniform, but whose face you can visualize peering from her (oh

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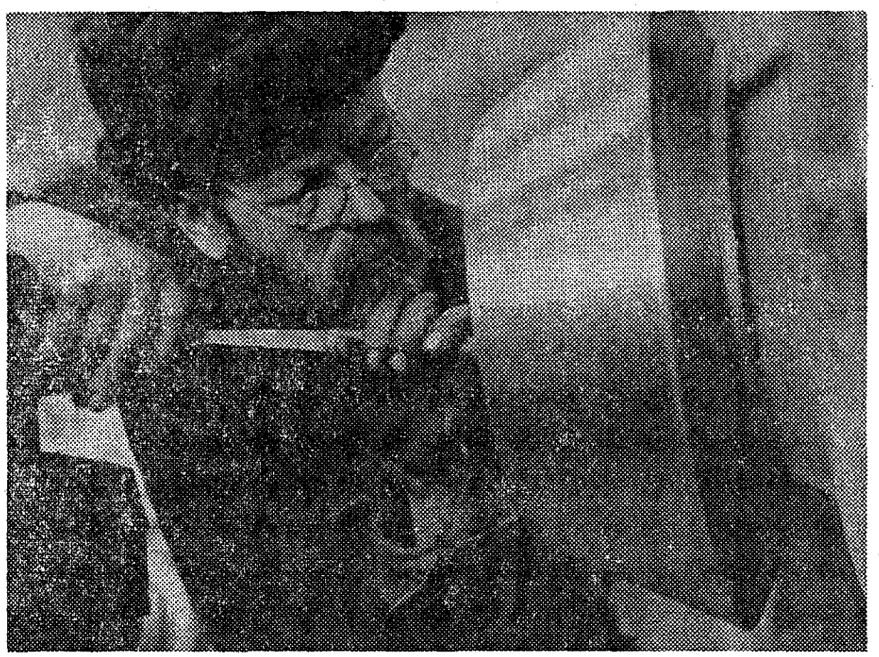
yes—it's a "she," if you please) cap, her hand on the throttle instead of on the elegant fountain pen. Hers would have been "a face from the outskirts." Now it is in the center not only of the city, but of life in general. In brief, a crowd on Theater Drive is no different from that on, say, Mozhaisk Highway. Symbolically speaking, railroad tracks don't divide the "ins" from the "outs" anymore. Each one is "in" according to his or her ability on both sides of the tracks.



Sovfoto.

"I became aware of the fact that during my seven months in Moscow not a single person had ever asked me to read a sign for him or a slip of paper with an address or street name. In the old days this would have happened several times a day, because then only less than one-quarter of the population was literate. Now people do their own reading. . . . I heard Churchill's Fulton speech discussed by people who of old would have talked mostly of cabbages and beets." This skilled machine-shop worker was an illiterate peasant in "the old days."

This is probably the change that struck me most in Moscow, much more so than the new buildings, parks and thoroughfares, or the fabulous subway itself. And by the way, the latter is much more than an engineering and architectural marvel. It is a portentous social phenomenon. It is a public conveyance which gives working people a chance to ride to work in beautiful surroundings instead of being funnelled through drab and smelly tubes which are littered with gumwrappers and covered with assorted posters.

The fact that I left Russia and returned to the Soviet Union during postwar periods offers me another striking study in contrasts. I saw the old Russian army disbanding after the First World War. The thing was elemental. As Lenin put it, people decided the question of demobilization with their feet: they simply went home. Discipline was virtually nonexistent. Railroads were a nightmare. Depots were something from Dantes' *Inferno*. Millions rode, walked, crawled across the face of the land, disease-ridden, frantic, many not knowing exactly where they were going.

Now demobilization of the Soviet Army worked, and still works, like a well-oiled machine. Of course, railroads are congested and trains are crowded, but soldiers and civilians show amazing discipline. No car windows are smashed. No barriers are overturned. A single militia woman, with an official armband as her only weapon, handles a crowd of several hundred impatient homebound men without difficulty. After the First World War the railroad militia used to fire salvos under glass canopies in railroad depots, but these salvos didn't scare desperate men who wanted to go home. Now everybody behaves. Why? Because everybody feels that their authorities are doing the best they can, that the guards are their guards, that public property is their property.

Of course, Russia was defeated in World War I, and the Soviet Union was victorious in World War II. This helps a lot as far as public behavior is concerned. But the very fact that the country I left was defeated under considerably more propitious military and international circumstances than those under which the country I found was brilliantly victorious, reflects more than anything else I can describe the tremendous change which occured while I was away.

And speaking of changes, it is impossible to limit one's comparisons to the span of time between departure and return. Changes occur daily. Every day you see something new. New streamlined trolleybuses, new subway trains, new stores, new wares in old stores. Fruit juices are reappearing on the market. Papers will tell you that a new giant electric turbine has joined the powergrid, that a new line has been electrified, that a new buffet automat has been opened.

These changes occur even more frequently now during the days immediately preceding the twenty-ninth anniversary of the October Revolution. In agriculture a tremendous movement of socialist emulation and competition has been started by farmers from Altai. It spread like an atomic chain reaction over fifty degrees of latitude and one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude, defeating nature itself, making up by sheer human effort for deficiencies of a spotty harvest. Industry, transport, science, work in high gear for fulfilment and overfulfilment of the new Five Year Plan. To one who is on the scene, this isn't a phrase or slogan. It is something to be seen, touched, worn, eaten, used in one's everyday life.

But to summarize in a very few words: twenty-five years ago I left people struggling at the bottom of an abyss. I returned to find people who have attained great heights and are storming still loftier heights of human achievement. In spite of all difficulties and obstacles, whether they be made by man or nature, our people will scale and reach those heights. This native who has returned will vouch for that.

Mr. Kournakoff is well known to American readers and lecture audiences who followed his military analyses during the war. He is the author of several books and pamphlets published while he was here; the most recent was "What Russia Did for Victory."

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IS THE USSR EXPANSIONIST?

The facts about the Soviet Union's policy in Europe and Asia. What they reveal to the unprejudiced eye. Who the real imperialists are.

By WILLIAM AUER

THE Soviet defense budget for 1947, just adopted, is half that for 1946. This makes it clear beyond question that Stalin was not talking for immediate effect alone (he never does) in replying "I do not believe there is a real danger of a 'new war' " to a newsman's recent question. The Soviet defense appropriation, incidentally, is one-half the $13,000,000,000 US armament budget for the 1946-47 fiscal year, using the official diplomatic exchange rate of the ruble. This emphasizes Stalin's further statement, made in answer to the same question, that "one must differentiate strictly between the uproar about a 'new war' which is being spread today, and the real danger of a "new war," which does not exist at the present time. The USSR is, naturally, taking no chances with an atomic Pearl Harbor. Witness its refusal to permit planes to approach Port Arthur or fly outside a narrow corridor to Berlin. Nevertheless, the Soviets believe, according to Stalin's interview, that imperialist war talk is designed to blackmail weak-nerved opponents at home and abroad, maintain a near-wartime level of military appropriations, "check demobilization and thereby prevent the rapid growth of unemployment."

The USSR, pursuing a foreign policy in which blackmail has never figured, and enjoying a planned socialist economy wherein unemployment is many years forgotten, is free of these considerations. Therefore, while adopting the largest budget in its history, which, under the Soviet system, is a reflection of the growing health of its economy, it slashes the defense appropriation both relatively and absolutely.

It should be pointed out, too, that the absence of unemployment and the great need for manpower in the USSR is only incidentally related to the need for reconstruction. Italy, for example, badly devastated, has 2,000,000 unemployed with one-fourth the population of the Soviet Union. But, then, Italy is one of the liberated countries in which capitalism continues to exist. Greece is in the same position as regards unemployment. And the western zones of Germany and Austria have it even worse, with industry in Germany operating at less than half of capacity, while the plants remaining after reparations in the Soviet zone are running at eighty-five to ninety per cent of capacity, with unemployment unknown.

Does the elimination of unemployment in most of Eastern Europe indicate the spread of socialism to these countries and, therefore, Soviet expansion? Entirely aside from the right of any people to adopt socialism if it wants to, it does not. The only difference between Eastern and Western Europe, economically, is that the people in the former have what those in Western Europe also voted for, in most cases, but as yet haven't got.

For example, W. H. Lawrence of the New York *Times* writes from Warsaw: "Poland's new system is neither Soviet nor Western but is instead a neat compromise." He adds that "900,000 of Poland's estimated 2,000,000 industrial workers are employed by the state" and that "big estates . . . formerly held by 9,367 families have been parceled out to private ownership and operation by 367,000 families. These reforms received smashing approval by all parties" last June. So that as a result of democratic reforms democratically approved, there are today many times more private property owners on the land than ever before. The land reform in Eastern Europe is similar to that which took place in France over a century and a

Roosevelt: "We have got to make not merely a peace but a peace that will last, and a peace in which the larger nations will work absolutely in unison in preventing war. . . ." (August 23, 1944.)
Molotov: "Only by the joint efforts of the three powers who carried the burden of the war can we secure the victories of the democratic countries over fascism." (November 6, 1945.)

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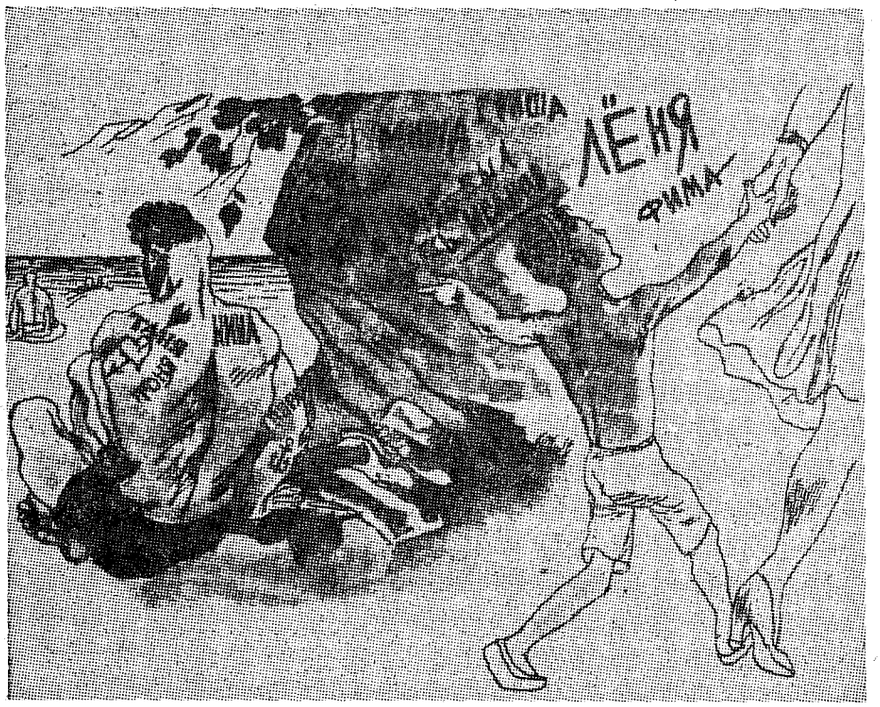

"But wasn't there enough room on the rock, mummy?" Fellows who tattoo their girls' names on their torsoes take a ribbing in "Crocodile," Soviet humor magazine.

half ago—a reform which hasn't, in all this time, led to the establishment of socialism in France. The nationalization of heavy industry, transport, banking and shipping in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria is what they and the people of England voted for more than a year ago. Are these governments to be condemned for living up to their promises with more willingness than the British Laborites? Or is it, perhaps, that the carrying out of election pledges is so rare outside the Soviet Union that this is taken as proof that these countries are being socialized?

In politics as in economics the Soviet Union has done nothing more than insist that the defeated states live up to the armistice terms, while refraining from interference of any kind in the affairs of its allies. Clearest proof is offered by the Communist vote. Its peak in Eastern Europe—one-fourth of the electorate in Czechoslovakia—is no more than equal to the proportion won by the Communists in France, never entered by the Red Army. But East European democracies actually believe in giving the premiership and the largest number of cabinet seats to the party which gets the most votes—in Czechoslovakia the Communists. In France, that classic land of western democracy, democracy is interpreted as meaning that the Communists, who got the most votes for the first Constituent Assembly, had to do without the premiership and accept fewer cabinet seats than parties which won less favor from the electorate!

All the foregoing does not mean that the USSR is uninterested in the economic and political development of the world beyond its frontiers, particularly of the states on its borders. It is interested, but in one thing and one thing alone—that the foreign policies of these countries be friendly and not hostile to the USSR. It wants no repetition of invasion through their territories or with their assistance. Having destroyed in battle the armed forces upon which the former reactionary governments and their state machinery rested, the USSR has established in these countries conditions under which social progress can proceed just as far as the peoples themselves desire. Unlike Western Europe, and, typically, France, where the organs of the Resistance were compelled to yield place to the old, undemocratic prefectural set-ups, in Eastern Europe, and typically in Czechoslovakia, the new parliamentary democracy is based on the local and regional councils of the Resistance, which are far more flexible, broader and closer to the people than the pre-war arrangement.

Under these circumstances the Soviet Union believes that it can best obtain a continuance in power of friendly governments by a policy of political forebearance—demonstrating now and in the future the untruth of the old bogey about Bolshevik "imperialism"—and enabling these lands to free themselves from real imperialism elsewhere. That, in truth, is Soviet policy. It can be verified from reports of American correspondents on the spot. Thus, the New York *Times* editorialized, on the basis of dispatches from its correspondent in Finland, that the Finnish elections in March 1945 were "the first free parliamentary elections held anywhere in war-scorched Europe since Hitler started out to conquer the world . . . (It) establish(es) a promising precedent for the application of the Atlantic and Crimean charters to the rest of liberated Europe and other former Axis satellites." Nine months later its correspondent wrote from Helsinki: "Finland today is an example of a fully independent country situated on the frontier of the Soviet Union. As far as can be ascertained, there is absolutely no Russian interference in her internal affairs. . . . Even the right-wing Finns admit that the Russians have behaved correctly throughout the country."

When elections were held in Hungary in November 1945, the New York *Times* editorialized, also on the basis of its correspondents' reports, that they were the first free elections in Hungary's entire history. In Rumania, six months after the Red Army's entry, the New York *Times* correspondent cabled: "The Russians' patience with the present Rumanian government is remarkable. The Russians are in no way interfering with the country's internal affairs. . . . The handful of officers and functionaries who were arrested in Rumania had been so conspicuously identified with the Nazis that the government had no alternative. Some additional arrests were made in the past few days when the Russians demanded imprisonment of these persons for crimes in Soviet territory."*

Apart from the Soviet record over the years there are other proofs that Soviet policy is not expansionist. All Soviet forces have left Norway, despite America's retention of an air base in nearby Iceland. The USSR has long since evacuated Danish Bornholm Island, despite the fact that there are

* These quotations are taken from A GUIDE TO THE SOVIET UNION, *by William Mandel.* (Reviewed in this issue, p. 24.—Ed.)

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more British than Danish troops in Denmark proper. Finland was never occupied by the Red Army. Poland has been largely evacuated. Czechoslovakia is long since evacuated. Yugoslavia and Albania harbor no Soviet troops (the latter never did), although Anglo-American forces stand in Italy, Trieste and Greece. The Soviet Union has withdrawn completely from Manchuria, and has refrained from aiding either side in China while the United States has aided the Kuomintang. Since this is often blandly denied, here is proof in the form of a report by A. T. Steele of the New York *Herald-Tribune* from Harbin in northernmost Manchuria:

"Already the Russians have stood for a good deal of what they call 'Kuomintang provocation.' They have seen the Chinese Changchun Railway, in which they hold a half interest [Russian-built—W.A.], slashed and shattered by rival armies and rendered temporarily useless for communication to and from the Soviet Union. They have resorted to nothing more than protests against Chinese seizure of certain factories, hotels and other installations acquired by the Russians from the Japanese [compare American marines 'protecting our property' in China and elsewhere—W.A.]. They have reacted only with rebukes against the murder of a number of Soviet citizens at Mukden and Changchun by anti-Soviet mobs [compare Washington's outburst against Yugoslavia when an American air-crew was killed—W.A.] . . ."

That, then, should settle the argument about Soviet expansion and interference abroad.* To the view that the USSR has already unjustly cashed in on the war by the incorporation of the Baltic states, etc., let us confine ourselves to two observations. First, the USSR, today one of the two greatest world powers, is smaller in area than decrepit Czarist Russia in 1914, for neither Finland nor Poland have been reacquired. Second, even so conservative and experienced an observer as Sumner Welles holds in his latest book that the peoples of the areas reincorporated into the USSR themselves desire that status. As for on-the-spot reports, there are many to support that thesis. To cite but one, Gordon Schaffer, London *Reynolds News* correspondent, in an article recently republished by *PM*, writes of Latvia:

"I was able to go where I wished and to talk not only to the peasants but to the workers in the factories as well as to members of the government, scientists, teachers and other professional workers. . . . My considered conclusion is that Latvia, though badly hit by war, is recovering at a far faster rate than any comparable Western European country, and that Soviet rule, despite a widespread anti-Soviet campaign, launched from outside, has the overwhelming backing of the people."

Clearly, then, for the United States to recognize the Soviet boundaries as they exist today, and Soviet policy in

"Office Volleyball"—a Soviet comment on red tape. The hapless citizen gets the run-around from the lawyers, the information bureau, the manager, the assistant manager, the secretary and assistant secretary. Soviet self-criticism is often biting. Also from "Crocodile."

* Additional substantiation of Mr. Auer's point came, after he prepared his article, in Premier Stalin's reply to questions put to him by the United Press. Stalin noted that the Soviets have troops only in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Poland. All of them, with the exception of Poland, are former enemy countries and are occupied by international agreement. What Soviet troops remain in Poland man the line of supplies and communication between the USSR and its zone of occupation in Germany. The majority of Soviet divisions in all five countries, Stalin indicated, are not at full strength and will be reduced from sixty to forty within two months. At the United Nations General Assembly Foreign Minister Molotov called for a general reduction of armaments, including "the banning of the manufacture and use of atomic energy for military purposes."—THE EDITORS.

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Eastern Europe, would not be "appeasement," but living up to our pledged word at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam: a policy jointly drafted and in the interest of all mankind.

This brings us to the most important field of Soviet foreign policy today, a field generally beclouded by the Americans and British. It is the Soviet contention that the great problem of the day is assuring that the major aggressors in World War II—Germany and Japan — are prevented forever from going on the rampage again, and that the Big Three maintain their unity toward that end, aided by all the United Nations. The USSR holds to the view expressed by the Big Three at Potsdam that this depends both on depriving these nations of the means of waging war—both industrial and military—and changing them internally so as to eliminate the forces making for aggression. Potsdam reads: "The German economy shall be decentralized for the purpose of eliminating the present excessive concentration of power as exemplified in particular by cartels, syndicates, trusts and other monopolistic arrangements. In organizing the German economy, primary emphasis shall be given to the development of agriculture and peaceful domestic industries." Is there anything unclear and ambiguous about that, as our press would have us believe? But Byrnes, Vandenberg and Bevin want this forgotten.

Space does not permit a detailing of the Soviet record in Germany, except to say that the situation closely parallels that in Eastern Europe, with the elimination of "the last vestiges of Nazism and fascism" (Yalta Declaration) in process. Clearly, Soviet policy is a policy of peace, consistent with the pre-war record of which Henry Wallace spoke so admiringly in his famous letter to President Truman. American policy as represented by Byrnes and Vandenberg is one which seeks to check social progress abroad unless it is a "progress" which first meets with the approval of America's monopolists. Peace demands the abandonment of this policy and the return to the policies adopted at the meetings of the Big Three. There is no question about Soviet cooperation in that case, for those are the policies the USSR is following.

SCIENCE FOR SOCIETY

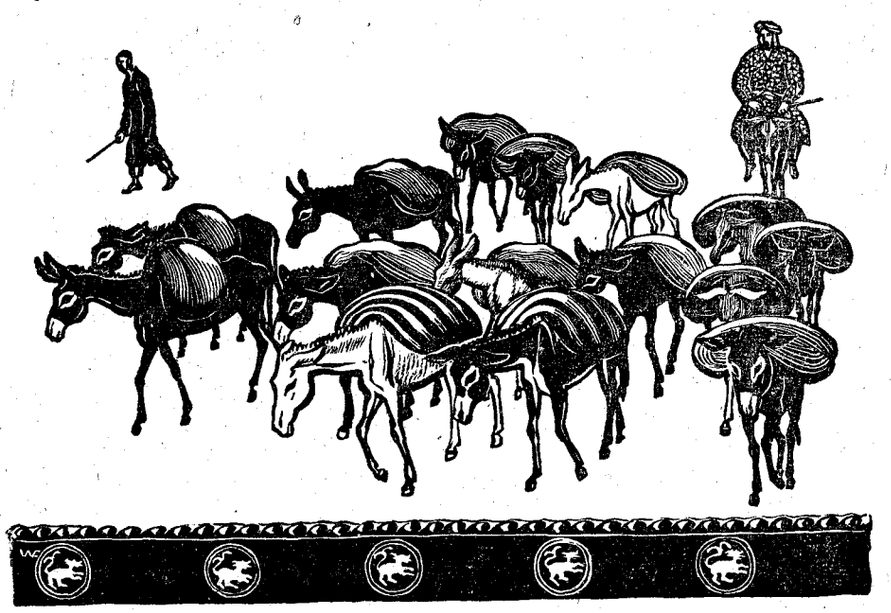
"I saw that the Soviet man of science respects all traditions that have proved their worth; at the same time he is a bold innovator."

By FREDERICK JOLIOT-CURIE

Professor Joliot-Curie is among the most distinguished of the world's scientists. He is a winner of the Nobel Prize, member of the Institute of France, and of the French delegation to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. He is also a member of the French Communist Party.

SINCE the end of the nineteenth century, doubts and apprehensions about certain harmful consequences of science have been expressed with increasing frequency. No doubt the benefits that science offers man are numerous enough to combat these sentiments and even to hold forth the hope of a better life for humanity. Nevertheless, in many minds the suspicion of science exists. Recent events, particularly the invention of the atom bomb, have generalized and increased this suspicion.

According to the useful or harmful applications made of it, science is considered moral or immoral in itself. Obviously these judgments have no meaning: for it is only the men applying science in a good or bad way who are to be praised or blamed. Most new discoveries and inventions have a double aspect—a constructive or a destructive side—depending upon how they are exploited. Many examples come to mind.



Let us take only one that is well known: the machine, which supplants many human arms, may bring about either a severe unemployment crisis or the emancipation of workers forced hitherto to do heavy manual labor in order to live. The second result is possible only in a society in which individual interests do not dominate those of the group. It corresponds, moreover, to the aspirations of the majority of scientists and of all men who are honest and justice-loving.

Thus many men of science feel themselves involuntary accomplices of those whom bad political regimes permit to exploit the results of their scientific work for selfish and evil ends. Searching their consciences, many of these scientists are led to throw in their lot with the workers who, confident of the liberating role of science, fight to build a new society. The number of scientists in most of the countries on earth who have adopted this attitude is

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rapidly growing; and this was the attitude taken by the intellectuals and scientists of Czarist Russia who made common cause with the people in the great October Socialist Revolution of 1917.

Since that time, as I have had occasion to see on several visits I made there before World War II, the Soviet Union has presented an especially favorable atmosphere for the development of science and technology. Scientists, honored and encouraged, work with enthusiasm, without any "bad conscience," realizing that in socialist construction their discoveries will be applied for the good of everyone. Scientific laboratory research is done in a collective spirit. Science in the USSR is alive: it no longer has a purely descriptive or contemplative character, which for so long was the vogue in the guise of pure science or disinterested science. The Soviet man of science respects all scientific traditions that have proved their worth; at the same time he is a bold innovator.

Science is loved in the Soviet Union, and everything is done to demonstrate how much happiness it can bring to society. A system of education which recognizes and stimulates the gifts and aptitudes of young people for scientific research guarantees a really democratic recruiting of personnel. And the results of science are made accessible to the working people. On my last trip, a few years before World War II, I had already become convinced that Soviet science, expanding to the full, was opening vast new perspectives to the Soviet Union and to the whole world.

During the long period of isolation forced on us by Nazi occupation, we often thought of our Soviet colleagues. With sorrow and anguish we learned of the destruction or encirclement of great centers of scientific research: Kharkov, Leningrad. . . . We know that our Soviet colleagues felt a similar sadness at the military collapse of France. They suffered at the thought that the centers of French thought were under the Nazi jackboot.

Despite initial military setbacks, we were confident that the Soviet scientists and technicians would quickly perfect new weapons for their soldiers and improve conditions for the civilian population engaged in an all-out war effort. As soon as we were able to get news from the USSR, we wondered what would be the status of Soviet science in the postwar period.

TOGETHER with several French colleagues, I had the honor of being invited in June, 1945, to the celebration of the 220th anniversary of the Academy of Sciences in Moscow. It was our first chance—a chance we all looked forward to—to renew the ties between the men of science of our two countries and to visit many laboratories. Most of the latter, evacuated during the war far into the interior of the country, were back where they had originally been; and others, newly built, were fully manned and functioning. The tremendous vitality of Soviet science was everywhere in evidence. Numerous research teams were carrying on work of pure scientific research: at the same time, they were devoting themselves to problems of Soviet reconstruction and economy. It was the same kind of vitality which the scientists had shown during the war-years —of which the activity of Leningrad University in that encircled city was a magnificent example.

The besieged city had suffered terrible bombardments. The front (and what a front!) was a few miles away; yet work went on in the laborator-

Sovfoto.

Motor girls Maria Zinovyeva and Lydia Prebyvayeva work in the Rostov coal mines.

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ies. More than seventy problems were dealt with, including some very important ones such as precision in marksmanship and gangrenous wounds. Many other examples of the patriotism and vitality of the Soviet scientists could be cited.

No doubt it is because all efforts, in the field of pure and applied science, are largely coordinated by the Academy of Sciences (in the USSR, this is an *organization of action*) that the research workers are imbued with a magnificent and truly creative spirit. Many research institutes are under the jurisdiction of the Academy. It has functions which in France are assumed by heads of research in various government ministries. This may give one an idea of the many-sided tasks devolving on Soviet academicians. The Academy takes the initiative and responsibility for executing scientific research, particularly in work that is essential for the realization of the economic plan. Important problems are distributed among the various institutes or groups of institutes, with an eye to the specialized research of each of them and the specific competence of those in charge.

The same problem may be tackled in different ways in different places. Thus research on eliminating grain losses caused by rotting of harvested wheat, losses which were extensive at the outset of collectivized farming, was spread over fourteen institutes specializing in chemistry, biology and physics. They tackled this problem simultaneously along different lines—and within a year the solution was found. The Academy, looking for new methods by which to produce substantial quantities of liquid oxygen, entrusted the task to the institute directed by Professor Peter Kapitza. (The latter, studying phenomena linked to very low temperatures, recently discovered the phenomena of the super-fluidity of liquid helium.) The problem of producing liquid oxygen was solved: moreover, Kapitza conceived a process of gassification of coal in the earth by the injection of liquid oxygen. One could give examples of the fertilizing role of the Academy in every branch of science.

Generally, despite the lack of modern scientific equipment due to wartime destruction and the understandable emphasis in the war years on armament production, Soviet researchers show a high degree of productivity. This is because they work with enthusiasm and they have confidence in the future.

Men of science of the various Allied nations have resumed contact with each other; and in particular, several Soviet scientists have already visited France. It is in the deepest interests of the Allied nations, which have so many common problems to solve, that such reciprocal visits, as well as exchanges of research workers, be multiplied.

Translated from the French by John Rossi.

EMBLEMS FOR THIS SEASON

The stars shift in their iron grooves and the new light
Falls on the edge of the new year. In returning
The sunlight gilds with impersonal grace the violent,
The weak, the happy, or the souls in torment.

And over and over, and shriller than a gull scream
A light cuts through the shutters at the unhappy heart of the world.
Flares rise up from secret patrols and anonymous missions.
The poor are awake and the powerful in their mansions.

Each is aware yet not aware of the other.
The rich await the infected magician from the sleepwalkers' country
Where their hopes hang high as corpses in the ripe and talking wind
Which hunts through forgotten pockets for the keys they are fearful to find.

The keys fit other centuries. And in the iron darkness
Where hope is hanging in ice-hung chains, the poor now
These gentle day-dreaming terrorists conspire
In a trance of desire an apocalyptic vision—

And all are waiting for light, the light of history
Which can admit solution for one class only.
Nature is kinder. Polaris' equal light falls
On a season of ambiguities, the cold far mountains.

THOMAS MCGRATH.

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ROGGE'S GALLERY AND YOU

A Letter from the Editor

DEAR READER: It was like being in a movie where the reels are run off backward. You've seen it. That curious sensation of watching the process of human behavior moving in the contrary direction. That's the way I felt when I read O. John Rogge's published summaries of his report. Except that it isn't funny. It's a matter of the most serious, most urgent, gravity.

Rogge's reports are based upon the talks he had with Nazi big shots before some of them were hanged. And they talked. The names of those they mentioned, those in America who worked in cahoots with the Nazis or their agents—how nauseatingly reminiscent they were. This rogues' gallery had passed through these pages in the years since 1934, when John L. Spivak did his first memorable series on the shirted characters of our time. And through the years, in expose after expose, those names figured, they had become imprinted in my mind as undoubtedly they had in yours—the names of Gerald P. Nye, Burton K. Wheeler, D. Worth Clark, John Rankin, Charles Robey, Robert R. Reynolds, Henrik Shipstead, Clare E. Hoffman, C. Wayland Brooks, Harold Knutson, William Langer—the Congressional category. Then the others—from George Sylvester Viereck on through Joe McWilliams.

How I remember the list, as do all of us at NEW MASSES who worked with John Spivak—we who got the photographs, made the editorial play, wrote the headlines, did the covers. We all felt the same: NM had warned America through the years; we are happy others picked up the warning—others, but far from enough others. The result is, as Mr. Rogge puts it, "fascism is not dead in the United States." And so he was fired. Fired because he felt alarm and wanted to do something about it. What happened to him has given heart to the fascist-minded, spurred their ambitions to continue, to drive, to throw this country into a splurge of reeking hatreds in order to create the political environment for the full operations of such resurrected fascist groupings as the American Action Committee. For in all the commendable truths that Mr. Rogge had said, he has not, as yet, gone to the core of the matter, to the wormy heart of the business: and that is the Big Money, the industrialists who want a fascist America. Too much attention is paid to the small-fry, the street-corner shriekers and strong-arm men, those of the Joe McWilliams caliber—but not enough to the American Schachts, and Krupps and Thyssens who spark fascism here.

WELL, they fired Mr. Rogge for reasons too well known to you to dwell on here. You can imagine what they want to do to NM, which began tearing at the swastika on the American scene as far back as 1934. Next week we shall begin, in greater detail, to tie the ends together, to relate the past with the present, so that we can do the necessary job for the future.

Other anti-fascist organs will undoubtedly handle other aspects of the scene. We want especially to highlight one expose, and push for action—that's the case of George T. Eggleston and Douglas M. Stewart who ran *Scribner's Commentator*. That defunct magazine was subsidized by the German Embassy in Washington. Herbert Von Strempel, former Nazi press attache of the embassy, squealed. And today George Eggleston is an editor of *Readers' Digest*, which reaches the minds of at least ten million Americans. I most vividly recall the splendid article Jack Spivak dug up on *Scribner's Commentator*, and the characters implicated.

Stewart and Eggleston built up a vast mailing list of 300,000 names which they got from Charles A. Lindbergh, Sen. Wheeler, Ham Fish, Rush Holt, Gerald P. Nye and the America First Committee.

Sound familiar? It does indeed.

We believe one of the most compelling democratic necessities in America today is to put the spotlight on *Readers' Digest*. And we want to help.

As I said, they fired O. John Rogge. But they cannot fire NEW MASSES. They can do their damndest to harass us, to drive us from publication, as J. Parnell Thomas threatened several weeks ago.

But we'll tell the truth, and we'll get it to you one way or another.

And we want *your* help. One thing they hope is to see NEW MASSES go out of existence "naturally." It would save them a lot of wear and tear.

They would love to see the creditors close our doors. We warned you several weeks ago that operating expenses, due to the increased costs of engraving, printing, and all the rest you know very well, have made things dangerously difficult.

So we must have your aid. We said two weeks ago NM needs $10,000 to tide it over the present few weeks, before our annual financial drive begins in January. To date we have received $4,275, for which we want to thank those who responded.

But the rock bottom minimum was what we said—$10,000.

We need that to continue the crusading we began, back in 1934 and in which we pionereed through the years.

HISTORY is reading off that roll-call of rogues. The rest is up to you. All this reminds me of that unforgettable scene I witnessed in Munich on V-J day: the bombed mausoleum of the Nazi "heroes" who had been shot down in the beer-hall putsch, in 1933. Each coffin had two words on it: one at the top, giving the name, say Deutsch, Schmidt, Weber, and at the bottom the word "hier." Reading you got the effect of a roll-call: "Schmidt"—"*Here!*"; "Deutsch"—"*Here!*"; "Weber"—"*Here!*" All in the best Nazi tradition of theatrics.

They were dead. And gone. But the American Nazis are yelling "*Here!*" to the roll-call today. And they are alive. And moving in on you.

What are you going to do about it?

Joseph North

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HOW I BECAME A WRITER

"I cannot remember complaining about life in my youth." The young Soviet writer is told that to resist fate is the duty of an artist.

By MAXIM GORKY

THE history of human labor and human effort is far more significant than the history of man as an individual. For men die, having lived not even a hundred years, but their work lives for many centuries. The fabulous achievements and rapid growth of science are due precisely to the fact that scientists know the history of their own specialty. Science and literature have much in common; in both, observation, comparison and study are of fundamental importance; the artist, like the scientist, needs both imagination and intuition. Imagination and intuition bridge the gaps left in the chain of facts by its as yet undiscovered links and permit the scientist to create hypotheses and theories which more or less correctly and successfully direct the searching of the mind in its study of the forces and phenomena of nature, gradually subjecting them to the human will and thus creating culture, that "second nature" which is our very own, created by our will and our intelligence.

The art of literary creation, the art of creating characters and types, demands imagination, intuition, the ability to "make things up" in one's own mind. When a writer describes some shopkeeper, official or workman of his acquaintance he is merely producing a more or less successful likeness of an individual; but such a likeness will remain a mere photograph, without any socially educative significance, and will contribute almost nothing either in width or in depth to our knowledge of life and of our fellow men.

But if a writer is able to extract from twenty or fifty or a hundred shopkeepers, officials or workmen the characteristic traits, habits, tastes, gestures, beliefs, mannerisms typical of them as a class and if he can bring these traits to life in a single shopkeeper, official or workman, he will have created a type and his work will be a work of art. The scope of his observation, the wealth of his experience of life, often endow a writer with the power to transcend his personal subjective attitude to facts. Subjectively, Balzac was an adherent of the bourgeois order but in his novels he exposed the pettiness and baseness of the bourgeoisie with an overwhelming and relentless clarity. There are plenty of instances of writers acting as the unbiased historians of their class and time. In these instances the work of the writer is no less valuable than the work of the scientist who studies the conditions of existence and nutrition of animals, the causes of their multiplication or extinction, and paints a picture of their desperate struggle for existence.

In the struggle for existence the instinct of self-preservation developed two mighty creative forces in man. These two forces are knowledge and imagination. The first is the ability to observe, compare and elucidate natural phenomena and the phenomena of social life; in other words, knowledge is the ability to think. In essence, imagination is also thinking; it is thinking about the world but it is mainly thinking in images, thinking in artistic form; one might say that imagination is the ability to attribute human qualities, human feelings, even human intentions to things and to the spontaneous phenomena of nature.

We read and hear of "the moaning of the wind" or that "the moon shines pensively" or that "the river whispers an ancient legend," "the forest frowned," "the water tried to move the stone," "the stone quailed under the attack but did not give way," "the chair quacked like a duck," "the boot refused to be pulled on." We say "the window panes sweated" although glass has no sweat glands.

All this makes the phenomena of nature easier to understand, so to speak, and it is called "anthropomorphism" from the Greek word anthropos—man, and morphe—form or image. Here we can see that man endows everything he sees around him with his own human qualities. He sees these qualities in everything and introduces them into everything, into all the phenomena of nature and into all the things he himself has created by his labor and by his intelligence. There are quite a lot of people who think that anthropomorphism is out of place and even harmful in literature, but even these people are apt to say that "the frost bit my ears," "the sun smiled," "May has come"; they say "it started to rain" although rain has no feet, or "the weather is shocking," although natural phenomena are not subject to our moral judgment.

THE basic trends or tendencies in literature are romanticism and realism. The truthful, unvarnished representation of people and their conditions of life is called realism. As for romanticism, several definitions have been given but there is as yet no accurate and fully satisfactory formula which is accepted by all historians of literature. Within the romantic school one must again distinguish two sharply divergent tendencies. Passive romanticism either attempts to reconcile people with reality by coloring it, or else attempts to divert people from reality and lure them to fruitless preoccupation with their own inner world, with thoughts about the "fatal riddle of life," about love and death, about problems which can never be solved by speculation and contemplation but only by scientific research. Active romanticism, on the other hand, attempts to strengthen man's will to live, to rouse him to rebellion against reality with all its tyranny.

But in the case of such classics of literature as Balzac, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Gogol, Leskov, Chekhov, it is difficult to define with sufficient accuracy whether they are romantics or realists. In great writers, realism and romanticism always seem to be merged. Balzac is a realist but he also wrote *La Peau de Chagrin,* a novel very far removed from realism. Turgenev also wrote things in the romantic spirit, as did all other famous Russian authors from Gogol down to Chekhov and Bunin. This merging of realism and romanticism is especially characteristic

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of our own great writers. It is this trait which lends our literature that originality and force which is exercising such an ever more noticeable and profound influence over the literature of the whole world.

The mutual relationship of romanticism and realism will be clearer if you direct your attention to the question: "Why does the desire to write arise?" There are two answers to this question: one of these has been given by a correspondent of mine, a girl of fifteen, the daughter of a working man. She writes in her letter:

"I am only fifteen but at this early age a gift for writing has shown itself in me, the reason for it being my poverty-stricken, wearisome existence."

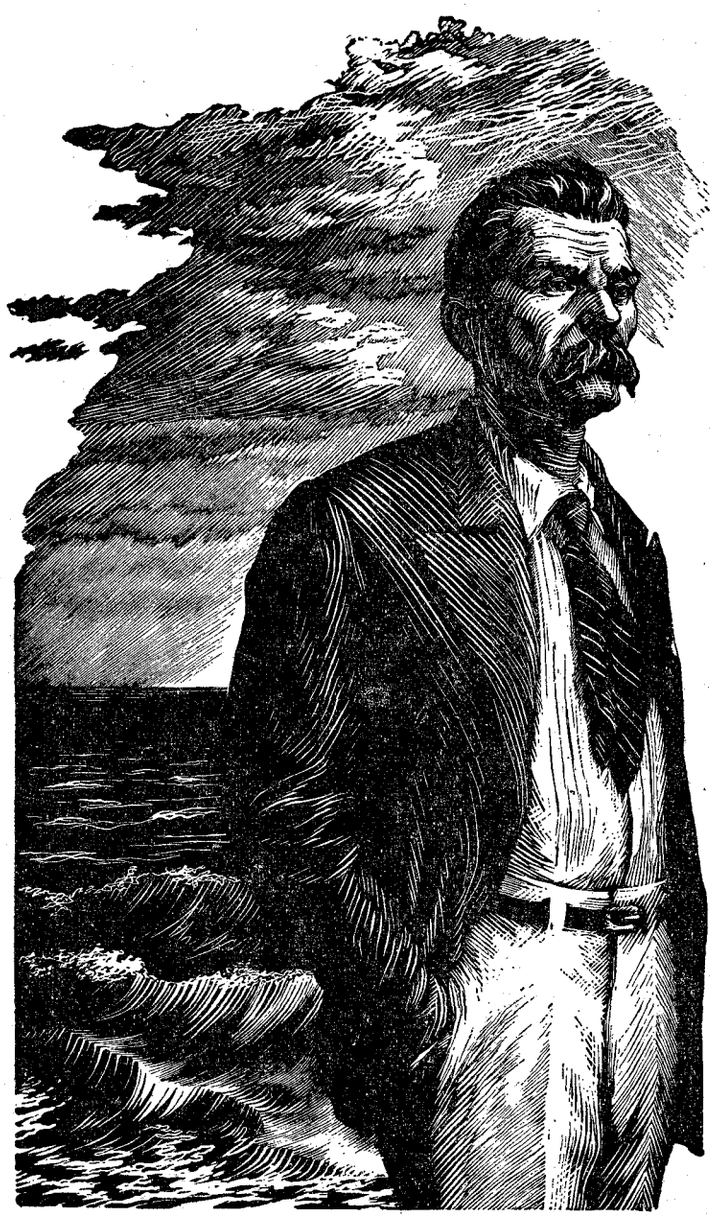
It would, of course, have been more correct to say, instead of "gift for writing," "a desire to write" in order to embellish by her imagination her poverty-stricken life. A secondary question arises here: What can one write about if one lives a poverty-stricken life?

This question has been answered by the national minorities of the Volga Basin, the Urals and Siberia. Until quite recently many of these had no written language at all and yet in the course of a dozen centuries right up to the present day they have enriched and embellished the wearisome, poverty-stricken life they lived in the primeval forests, swamps and desert steppes of the East and the tundras of the North with songs, fairy-tales, sagas about heroes and myths about gods; these latter products of the imagination are mostly described as "religious" but in their essence they too are works of art.

If my fifteen-year-old correspondent really has a gift for writing—which I hope with all my heart — she would probably write so-called romantic things, attempting to enrich her "poverty-stricken, wearisome" life with beautiful figments of the imagination, and she would probably represent people to be better than they are in reality. Gogol wrote *How Ivan Ivanovich Quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovich*, *Old World Gentry*, and *Dead Souls*, but he also wrote *Taras Bulba*. In the first three he shows people with "dead souls" and this is terribly true: such people lived and still live even today; in painting them Gogol wrote as a realist.

In *Taras Bulba* he represented the Zaporozhe Cossacks as god-fearing knights of gigantic strength, who could lift up a man on the points of their pikes, quite regardless of the fact that the wooden shaft of a pike could never take such a strain but would certainly break. In fact such Zaporozhe Cossacks never existed and Gogol's story about them is a beautiful untruth. In it, as in all other stories of the same cycle and in many others, Gogol was a romanticist; the reason for his being a romanticist was very probably that he was tired of observing the "poverty-stricken, wearisome" life of the "dead souls."

But does all that I have been saying mean that I maintain the inevitability of romanticism in literature? Yes, I do maintain this is so, but on condition that we make a very considerable addition to this romanticism.



Maxim Gorky

ANOTHER correspondent, a seventy-year-old worker, throws this in my teeth: "I have so many impressions that I just cannot refrain from writing."

In this case the desire to write has its origin not in the poverty of life but in its wealth, in an excess of impressions which bring about an inner urge to tell somebody about them. The overwhelming majority of my young correspondents want to write precisely because they are rich in impressions and feel that they cannot remain silent about what they have seen and experienced. Probably quite a number of realistic writers will emerge from their

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ranks but I think that their realism will not be entirely without a certain admixture of romanticism, and this is quite inevitable and justified in an epoch of healthy spiritual upsurge such as we are now experiencing.

Thus my answer to the question "why I began to write" is this: I began to write because of the pressure on me of a "poverty-stricken, wearisome" life and because I had so many impressions that I could not refrain from writing. The first reason induced me to attempt to introduce into a "poverty-stricken, wearisome" life such products of the imagination as *The Falcon and the Hedgehog*, *Legend of the Burning Heart,* stories of a realistic character such as *Twenty-Six Men and a Girl*, and *The Orlovs*.

From all this we may be fairly certain that in our literature we have not as yet had the sort of romanticism which advocates a creative attitude to reality, which glorifies labor and the development of the will-to-live and advocates the building-up of new forms of life and which also preaches hatred of the old world, the evil heritage of which we are now overcoming with such difficulty at the cost of so much suffering.

I cannot remember complaining about life in my youth. The people among whom I began my life complained a great deal but I noticed that they did so out of cunning; by their complaining they hoped to conceal their unwillingness to help each other and so I did my best not to imitate them. Later I very soon convinced myself that the people who liked to complain most were people with little power of resistance, people who either could not or would not work, and in general people with a taste for an easy life at the expense of others.

I have had plenty of experience of the fear of life. I now call this the *Fear of the Blind*. Living, as I have had occasion to tell, in extremely difficult conditions, I witnessed from early childhood the unreasonable cruelty and incomprehensible spite of people; I was amazed at the heavy burden falling on some and the prosperity of others. I saw at an early age that the nearer pious people considered themselves to God, the further they were from those who worked for them and the more merciless were the demands they made on their work-people. In general, I saw much more of the base, seamy side of life than you do. Besides I saw it in more repulsive forms than you because what you see is the petty-bourgeois terrified by the revolution and no longer very sure of his right to be what he is according to his nature, while I saw the petty-bourgeois when he was still perfectly confident that he was living a good life and that this very good and undisturbed life was solidly established for ever.

In those days I was already reading translations of foreign novels, among which I stumbled upon books by such magnificent writers as Dickens and Balzac and also on the historical novels of Ainsworth, Bulwer-Lytton and Dumas. These novels told me of a people with strong wills and sharply outlined characters, people whose joys and sufferings were different and whose clashes were due to weighty conflicts of opinion. Meanwhile around me small-minded men and women lived their little lives; trivially greedy, trivially envious, trivially angry, they quarrelled or went to law because the neighbor's son threw a stone at the hen and broke its leg or smashed a pane of glass. They lost their tempers or grieved because a cake was burned or the meat was overdone or the milk had turned. They could lament for hours

on end because the grocer had added a farthing to the price of a pound of sugar or the draper to the price of a yard of gingham. The little troubles of their neighbors gave them sincere pleasure which they concealed behind a simulated sympathy. I saw perfectly well that the kopek was the sun in the petty-bourgeois sky and that it was the kopek which inflamed these people's nasty, petty little squabbles. Pots and pans, samovars, carrots, chickens, pancakes, birthdays, funerals, eating until they could eat no more, drinking until they vomited and turned themselves into swine—such was the fabric of these people's lives, the people among whom I began to live. Sometimes this disgusting life produced in me a revulsion that dulled my senes and lulled me to sleep; at other times it stimulated in me a desire to rouse myself by some act of self-assertion.

Sometimes this disgust and this desire of mine found expression in some mad escapade; I would climb up on the roofs at night and bung up the chimneys with rags and dirt. I would throw a handful of salt into the soup boiling on the stove or blow dust into the works of the grandfather clock through a blow-pipe twisted out of paper. In general I did a lot of things that are now called hooliganism. I did them because I wanted to feel alive and I knew no other means, could find no other means to convince myself that I was alive. I felt as though I had lost my way in a forest, in a dense thicket full of impenetrable undergrowth, in a bog into which my feet sank up to the knees.

I remember one incident: a group of prisoners was being escorted along the street in which I lived. They were coming from a prison and going to board a steamer which was taking them to Siberia on the Volga and the Kama. These grey men always aroused a terrible yearning in me. Perhaps I envied them, even though they were under guard and some of them even in chains, because they were at least going somewhere while I had to live like a lonely rat in a cellar in a dirty kitchen with a brick floor. One day a large group of convicts was marched along the street with a rattling of fetters. On one flank nearest the pavement were two convicts chained hand and foot; one of them, a big fellow with a black beard, eyes like a horse, a deep red scar across his forehead and a mutilated ear, was a formidable figure. I was walking along the pavement and staring at this man when he suddenly shouted cheerfully and in a loud voice:

"Hey, laddie, come on, come with us!"

It was as if by these words he had taken me by the hand.

I immediately ran up to him, but one of the guards swore at me and pushed me away. Had he not pushed me I might have followed that terrible man like a sleep-walker, followed him precisely because he was strange, unlike the people I knew. He was terrible, he was in chains, but he would lead me into a different life. I long remem-

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bered that man and his good-natured cheerful voice.

His figure is linked in my memory with another no less powerful impression. Somehow I got hold of a fat book the beginning of which was missing; I began to read it and understood nothing except one story about a king who offered a yeoman the rank of a nobleman, but the yeoman answered the king with these verses:

Let me live and die a yeoman still.
So was my father, so must live his sonne.
For 'tis more credite to men of base degree
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

I copied these somewhat clumsy verses in my copybook and they served me for many years as a staff serves a wanderer, and perhaps also as a shield which protected me from the temptations and bad advice which came my way from the petty-bourgeoisie who were my equivalent of "fine gentlemen." Probably many young people encounter in their early life some such word which fills their young imagination with a motive power as a driving wind fills a sail.

Ten years later I learned that these verses were taken from *George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield*, a comedy written in the sixteenth century by Robert Greene, a contemporary of Shakespeare, the Russian title of which was *Comedy About the Merry Archer of George Greene and Robin Hood.* I was very glad to have found this out and became even more fond of literature, ever the true friend of men in their hard-working life.

Linoleum cut by P. N. Staronosov, from "Fairy-tales of the North."

You must know that at that time people like myself were lone wolves, stepchildren of society, while you, many hundreds of you, are the beloved children of a working-class which has become conscious of its strength, which has taken power, and which is rapidly learning to appreciate at its true value the useful work of individuals. In the Workers' and Peasants' Government you have a government which must and can help you to develop your abilities to the full and which is already gradually doing so.

You young people need to know that all the really valuable, permanently useful and beautiful things which humanity has produced in science, in the arts and technology have been created by individuals working under incredibly difficult conditions amidst the profound ignorance and indifference of society, the hostile resistance of the Church, the self-seeking of the capitalists and the capricious demands of the "patrons of science and the arts." You should also remember that among the creators of culture were many simple working people such as Faraday, the famous physicist, or Edison; that the spinning machine was invented by Arkwright who was a barber; that the blacksmith Bernard Palissy was one of the greatest artists in pottery; that Shakespeare, the greatest playwright of all times, was a simple actor and so was the great Moliere. Such examples could be quoted by the hundred.

And all these things were done by individuals who worked without having at their disposal the tremendous resources of knowledge and the technical facilities available in our days! How much easier have the tasks of cultural work been made here in our country, a country whose declared aim it is to liberate the people completely from irrational toil and that cynical exploitation of labor power which creates a group of rapidly degenerating rich people and threatens the working class with extinction.

The concluding half of this essay, written in 1928, will appear next week. It is published for the first time in the United States and is printed here by permission of Pursuit Press and Boni & Gaer. They will issue it shortly as part of a book which will also contain Gorky's first novel, "Orphan Paul."

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THE DECISIVE WEAPON

Is it the atom bomb? Or is it something the imperialists cannot monopolize? Forces in the world beyond the robber barons' control.

By JOHN STUART

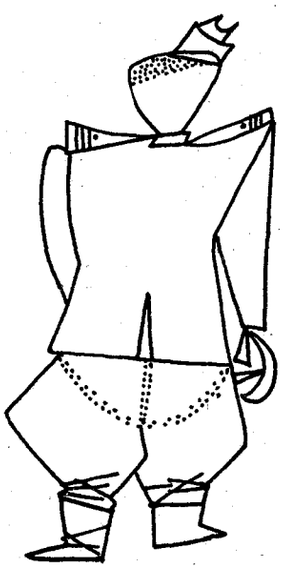
THE recent conflict has taught most of the world that armanents are only decisive in the hands of decisive coalitions. In modern warfare this law is inescapable. Yet its meaning seems to have escaped the hysterical imperialists who still measure strength almost exclusively by the yardstick of arms. It pervades the thinking, for example, of William C. Bullitt and the philosophical speculation of Bertrand Russell. In the international trust known as Madness Unlimited the atom bomb has triumphed over reason. Because American imperialism at present monopolizes its secret the imperialists have little doubt about the outcome of an armed struggle between them and the Soviet Union. They would supposedly emerge victorious or, at the very least, such a war would settle down to a protracted stalemate.

But modern wars do not end in stalemate for stalemate is a vacuum which exists neither in nature nor in politics. One side or the other must win finally. And reason coupled to direct experience tells us that the key to triumph is again the superiority of forces which the leading belligerents can muster or attract to themselves by virtue of their superior position as judged by the peoples of the world. This was the secret of Hitler's defeat. His delusion of invincibility could not withstand the battering of a superior coalition. Thus died a myth and a regime.

Coalitions are founded on the reality of politics. The Allied coalition of World War II could not escape its inner national, racial and class tensions and those members of the coalition most relentless in prosecuting the war had either a minimum of these or none at all. A future coalition which imperialism might construct would have as its outstanding characteristic class, national, and racial strife, thereby reducing the effectiveness of its arms. In turn, the opposing coalition, built primarily on the foundation of equality and friendship, would gain in military prowess, overcoming whatever initial inferiority of arms it might have.

To prove this point there is the example in contemporary history of the war of intervention against the young Soviet Republic. All the allied might of imperialism could not destroy the new state because the alliance that fought it was ridden with chauvinism, inner contradictions and conflicting ambitions. Russia won against this array of power not because of its decisive military strength but because it was anti-imperialist, had the support of working people throughout the world, and the devotion of the great majority of its own people. And Russia at that time did not even have the advantages of a socialist economy.

But almost three decades have since gone by. Not only has socialism been established among approximately 200,000,000 people, who have produced arms equal to any, but a war of liberation has been fought on a scale unprecedented in history. That war has released fresh democratic forces hitherto hidden or latent. The instability of capitalism, its persistent crisis, is producing opponent ideas and ways of life beyond Soviet borders. And it is this phenomenon which will decide the contours of future coalitions, just as it shapes the course of world politics today. What characterizes international relations beneath their super-



Impressions of Red Army soldiers by an American

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ficial aspects is change and forward movement away from the decadence of the past. The proof lies in innumerable examples but the strongest evidence is the frenzy with which reaction tries to turn the clock back to the hour when it was indisputably predominant in world affairs.

The line of demarcation between the old and the new has never been more clear. Nor is that line limited to a small space. The simple-minded think that it ends in Eastern Europe or at the western boundaries of the Slavic states. But it presses beyond to the Atlantic, it moves vigorously across the Mediterranean into the African continent, and surges forward again into the Pacific concentrations of colonialism. There are no borders at which postwar progress stops. There are only levels of development, some higher than others, some merely in the embryonic stages. At their centers are millions upon millions of people.

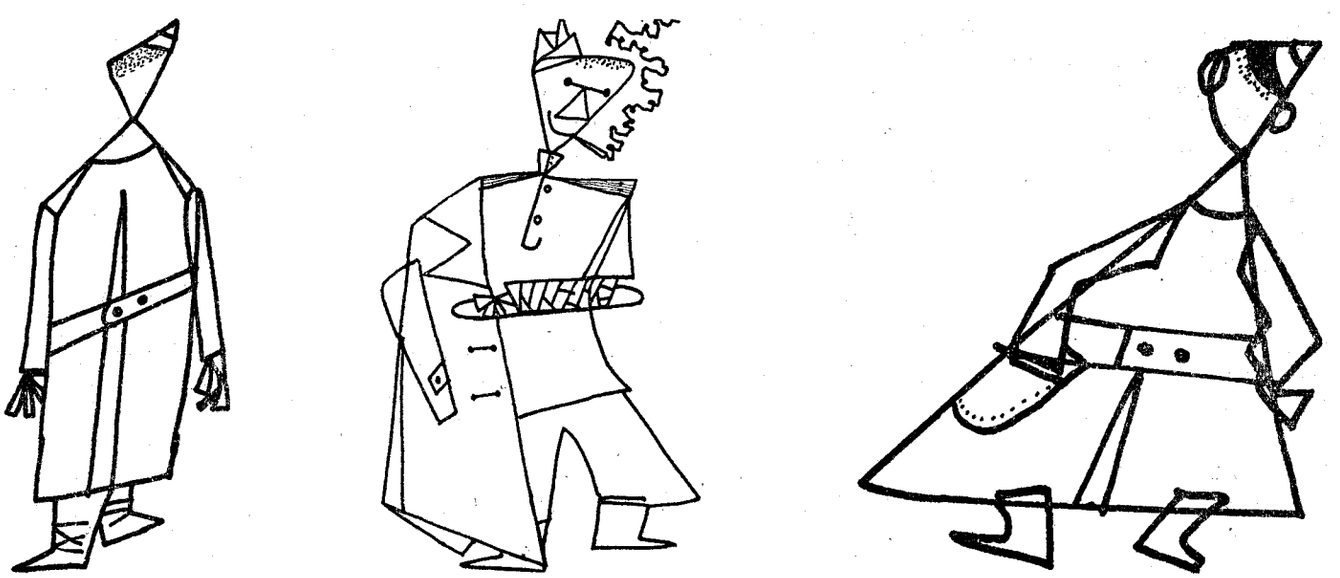
IT IS no longer possible to form superior coalitions against the Soviet Union, for it stands in the leadership of progressive mankind. The imperialists cannot corral within their own domain the preponderant weight of the world's men and women. They can only gather those who helped Franco destroy the Spanish Republic; who brought fascism to Germany and Italy; who bashed the skulls of babies because their parents were Jews; who live by the slavery of empire. A coalition made up of assassins, cynics and rogues is a coalition which even the atom bomb cannot save.

In addition, whatever coalition imperialism does construct is not only inferior in the moral sense, but more important, it is inferior also because it can have no enduring inner unity. Hitler thought he could have unity yet the very instability of fascism and the monopoly capitalism on which it was based brought deep dissension within his alliance. The stability of the Nazi coalition was at best a makeshift. It depended on the master tossing crumbs to his slaves—while the crumbs could be had. But when there were no more crumbs, no more chunks of territory to distribute and redistribute, when the blitz was ground down into millions of muddy graves and it appeared that the master himself was on the brink of defeat, then the plunderbund began falling out, with each member seeking the way to avoid inevitable retribution.

Hitler could not persuade the Japanese, for example, to launch full-scale war against the Soviets. The interests of Japanese monopoly at the time moved in other directions. Between monopoly capitalists of different countries there is only at best a short range identity of objectives. They can have no common interests of long duration. The contradictions between them intensifies the dog-eat-dog mores by which they live. In other words, the pull toward joint action never matches the forces pulling them away from each other.

The Anglo-American alliance which would presumably be the main pillar of an imperialist coalition in the event of war would rip itself apart in no time. There would be constant struggle over who was to get the pies and who the buns. In addition, in the event the atom bomb was used England could no longer play the military role it did in the Second World War because it would be torn to shreds in a matter of hours. England itself, furthermore, is no stronger than the help it receives from the Empire. The Empire, already violently shaken, would explode in the event of a war of aggression (for it would be that in view of Britain's twenty-year treaty with the USSR). India, for example, could not be convinced of the righteousness of England's "cause." The imperialists have lost to a large extent the device of promises which the colonial world knows will never be fulfilled. Within England the opposition to an Anglo-American war partnership would thunder across the country. The British people are not removed from the wave of change. When they expelled Churchill from government leadership it betokened their identity with progress, however it has been betrayed by the Laborite hierarchy. That in itself will be the source of new changes.

If Britain is an uncertain component of an imperialist alliance for war the American imperialists undoubtedly count on a revived Germany as an ally. There is always Germany. Yet the fact is that even if the western area of the



officer-artist, Clarence Kevin. Drawn in Berlin.

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country is rebuilt to meet the most exacting standards set by monopoly's rulers, they are losing the eastern area. And this is happening not because socialism is being installed, for it is not, but because the foundations of aggression in the Soviet zone of occupation are being eliminated. Germany will never again exert the same power it wielded before the war. To rebuild Germany, furthermore, into an aggressive state under the tutelage of American and British imperialism is to erect higher barriers between them and the rest of Europe and all those who suffered from Germany's assaults. Imperialism will only succeed in reviving a monster which in time will turn upon its American and British sponsors as it did once before. Germany monopoly capitalism will again seek world domination.

In short, without making a country-by-country analysis (working-class unity in Italy, the meaning of the tremendous Left movement in France or her treaty of alliance with the USSR), one can say that the imperialist adventure in coalition would collide with the whole new relationship of powers resulting from the war. *Instead of finding themselves merely in a war with the Soviet Union, the American imperialists would discover that they are also colliding with the majority of non-Soviet peoples on a world scale.* To my mind it was this that Stalin implied when in his answers to Alexander Werth he spoke of the impossibility of encircling the USSR as of old.

The American expansionist program is not bringing peoples closer to the United States; it is driving them away to seek allies and friends elsewhere. American imperialism represents retrogression as against the forward movement of the peoples. It results in deeper cleavages between progress and reaction, between fascism and democracy. All war coalitions, should they become necessary, would be based on this cleavage, determining their policies accordingly. The superior and victorious coalition would undeniably be that which embodies within it the democratic tides that now sweep the globe.

YET among American imperialists there is no doubt the belief that their control of the atom bomb, their sole possession of its secret, makes the problem of coalition one that is either not too serious or non-existent. This again is self-delusion. It is false to believe that the atom bomb has qualitatively changed the conduct of modern warfare. In the first place there is no knowledge of its effects in actual battle. And second, the atom bomb does not eliminate large-scale infantry operations any more than the most intense bombardment of certain German areas eliminated the necessity for ground battles to gain and to hold those areas. The atom bomb may make infantry operations more difficult; it does not make them less imperative.

Because the atom bomb is more destructive than any other explosive known, its destructiveness must be calculated not only in terms of areas damaged but in the increase in destruction of troops and manpower in general. If it is used in a future war it will not be used by one side alone. That science makes clear. And from the point of view of manpower those belligerents will last longest which can invest the greatest numbers of troops. Coalition warfare, then, becomes even more mandatory than before.

The bomb, furthermore, will not remain exclusive property for long. When the monopoly ends its bullying uses will also end, and those states which have been relatively quiet in demanding its total abolition will be able to make this demand without fearing the displeasure of American imperialists. They will also gravitate more toward their real friends, which atomic diplomacy now in part prevents.

Then, too, as other countries develop the bomb an equalization process will set in and one effect that equalization will have, *strictly from the atomic angle*, is to make the small nations as large as the largest. This equalization process results from the fact that it is easy to reach a saturation point in bombs. More than one scientist has concluded that possession of 2,000 bombs will provide no greater military power than possession of 1,000, for 1,000 will be quite enough. But the key to modern warfare and its outcome for the contenders is not with what weapons or tactics a war begins (Hitler thought his blitzkrieg unbeatable) but what makes the war end. The atom bomb does not answer that question. Coalitions do.

A WAR against the Soviet Union would be fought presumably to halt the spread of Bolshevism throughout the world. The imperialists' "holy crusade" takes many forms. Yet there is nothing more fantastic than its prem-

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ise that the leftward trends in Europe or Asia have their origins in Moscow. It is a certainty that if the USSR did not exist those Left movements would have developed anyway. In a large sense the Soviet Union is a product of the First World War. It is also a matter of historical fact that progressive or revolutionary forces spring up as an aftermath of war, especially in defeated countries. The presence of the Soviet Union as a victor power and as a non-imperialist state (as Mr. Auer shows in another article in this issue) hinders the imperialists from crushing the Left forces, but it does not bring them into existence where they did not exist before. The Soviets encourage their growth by active example, not by intervention. For the USSR's achievements both in war and peace exert enormous influence everywhere. If there is a culprit in the matter it is capitalism itself. By denying security and an abundant life capitalism creates its own antagonists.

The crusade against the "Bolshevik menace" is the means by which plans for aggression are prepared not only against the USSR and other countries but against internal opposition. The Hitlerite state is the unqualified proof. Fascism in America would be the first prerequisite in an armed struggle against the genuinely democratic, anti-imperialist camp. To be sure the fascists who would control the imperialist war machine will have learned something from the mistakes of the Hitlerites. They will use the banners of democracy to hide their fascism. In a country where, unlike Germany, the democratic tradition is firm, and where that tradition was born out of a revolutionary war, different kinds of devices will have to be contrived to control the public mind, to destroy independent thinking. But no matter what the superficial differences from German or Italian fascism it will nonetheless be fascism.

Not only would the American people have to pay for this war with blood and tears, but even if it resulted in a victory for American imperialism it would not bring an era of peace. The *Pax Americana* would be an era of the most unbridled violence and retribution from those conquered. The American imperialists would need a policing force of mammoth proportions to occupy Europe, Asia and Africa. Millions of American boys would lose their lives and those that remained would have to live in a barracks civilization where they would be loathed, and destroyed in the quiet of the night.

Until the forces of liberation gained the ascendancy there would be no peace, no hope, no future. Class struggles would reach heights undreamed of. In the American imperialist domain there would be no stability. It would be a domain of slavery every bit as bleak as Europe under the Nazi heel. This would be the rotted fruit of a so-called war against Bolshevism and it would soon turn out that it was not Bolshevism that caused war but the depradations of monopoly capitalism itself. It brought war before the advent of the USSR and attempts to bring it again in the future.

But the criminal adventures will not succeed, because they cannot succeed. History and the world's working class and their allies have moved too far for history's pages to be flipped back. In our own country we have made undeniable progress through the growth of the CIO and the trade union movement as a whole—a growth which has political action as a natural concommitant. The Roosevelt era has left an indelible mark. The recent Wallace protest is a sign of the continuing vigor of the Roosevelt tradition, although midget men in the present administration are impervious to its meaning. Nor can the recent strike battles be overlooked. They reveal a fighting spirit that does honor to our people's struggles over the long past. Yet in the United States there is the need to know, to appreciate the strength and fraternity of the democratic movements abroad. Progressive and liberal forces here have on occasion shown a tendency towards over-anxious alarm because they failed to understand fully that the dominant note across the oceans is progress.

There is much cause for alarm but it cannot border on desperation or pessimism, on the feeling that the warmongers are invincible and their war inevitable. In the war of nerves those whose nerves are not strong will find themselves unwilling captives in the wrong camp. Those who keep their eyes sharply focused on the swiftly-moving progressive currents here and abroad will find strength for their struggles to build that invincible coalition for peace—the peace for which millions yearn and for which millions have died.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

A Cairo magazine reports that "the King of Greece is in love." However, it may be merely infatuation on finding someone who actually voted for his return.

●

Plans are now being made to try German industrialists as war criminals. It is hoped that both the trials and the industrialists will soon be in full swing.

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President Truman now reveals that there is an "emergency shortage of housing." So that's why so many people find themselves without homes!

●

Argentina is being denounced for its defense of Franco Spain in the United Nations. Birds of a feather flogged together.

●

The Argentine delegation urged the UN not to "prompt the fall of a cultural center." Franco has a reputation for burning only the best books.

●

The landlords are clamoring for the removal of all rent controls. There are a lot of people who won't have ceilings over their heads unless the landlords do.

●

The Reader's Digest announces that its sixth European edition will be printed in French. Nothing like this has happened to Europe since the Bubonic Plague.

●

The Duchess of Windsor had a set of jewels for every day in the week before being robbed. London society will now have to excuse the Windsors on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

●

The United Rubber Workers are asking a twenty-six-cent hourly pay increase. They find that there is a limit to stretching the dollar.

●

Czechoslovakia has just executed another former SS General. It is gratifying to note this trend toward the German underground.

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SOVIET GOALS FOR 1950

Despite the huge task of postwar rebuilding, the fourth Five-Year Plan has scheduled a forty-eight percent rise in industrial output.

By VLADIMIR D. KAZAKEVICH

On the twenty-ninth anniversary of the establishment of the Soviet regime another Five-Year Plan, the fourth, is under way in the USSR. It was officially launched in March 1946, when the newly elected Supreme Soviet of the USSR approved a detailed scheme for the development of various branches of the national economy and a set of objectives to be attained by 1950.

Very little attention has been paid to all this by the American press, although the text of the Fourth Five-Year Plan has appeared in a number of Soviet publications, and practically the entire Soviet press has been discussing it for months. The full text of the law embodying the "Five-Year Plan for the Rehabilitation and Development of the National Economy of the USSR, 1946-50" is available in English, but only in Great Britain. While in the United States there is a great deal of clamoring for information on the USSR, which is allegedly lacking, the plan, with its wealth of data, is simply ignored exactly by those who are responsible for so much anti-Soviet noise.

The new plan is not an accident, but a logical link in a development that stems from the October Revolution of 1917. It was then that the working class of Russia took power, establishing for the first time in history a workers' and peasants' government. Though a political victory of the first magnitude, the victorious Revolution was only the first step on the road to a new type of society. In less than a year the young Soviet Republic had to fight for its life against the classes dispossessed by the Revolution, who went to war against the new regime with considerable aid from abroad. With the crushing of the class enemies and the expulsion of their foreign allies, the toilers won their second victory; having first taken political power, they now demonstrated that they could defend their state militarily. But political and military victory did not yet bring about economic victory. This had still to be achieved.

Economic victory was essential in order to achieve the objectives of the great October Socialist Revolution—the establishment of a new type of society, communism, the first step toward which was the building of a socialist economy. Having inherited from the old regime a country that was in many respects backward, and now also devastated in the process of the civil war, the Soviet regime had to tackled two tasks: to overcome economic backwardness in all its manifestations and to catch up with other industrial countries, while at the same time building a new social order.

The first planning efforts were made in the early Twenties, but only with the launching of the First Five-Year Plan (1928-32) did a most thorough, coordinated planning of each step in the production process, industry by industry, area by area, finally come into being. Private retail trade, which had flourished in the reconstruction period of the early Twenties, was now replaced by government and cooperative stores. In agriculture virtually a new revolution took place: the collectivization of agricultural production. Thus the last two areas, those of retail trade and agriculture, were removed from the chaotic operations of free market forces and embraced in the plannable sphere.

Under the First Five-Year Plan, completed nine months ahead of schedule in 1932, the main emphasis was on the creation of a heavy industry base—primarily on iron and steel production. Another task of this plan was to develop the production of agricultural machinery to service the newly organized collective farms. Finally, in the course of the First Five-Year Plan new industrial centers were initiated in the Urals and Siberia, which a decade later played such a prominent role in achieving victory over the fascist invaders. Since all this necessitated heavy capital investments, an unprecedented share of the national income was plowed back into construction of means of production, with the production of consumers' goods lagging far behind. This meant a tightening of belts and consequently hardships, but with the end of the First Five-Year Plan the USSR had a substantial industrial base.

During the Second Five-Year Plan (1933-37) the building of means of production, or producers' goods, continued, but the disparity between the rates of growth of producers' and consumers' goods was considerably less than in the first plan. The second plan stressed the development of motor production and the manufacture of electrical appliances. The Third Five-Year Plan, scheduled for completion in 1942, provided for further advances all along the line. Producers' goods still came first, but consumers' goods were now to be a close second; emphasis was placed on regional development, particularly of power and fuel bases, and on the chemical industry. Not only was socialism now established, but the road toward catching up with and surpassing the most advanced capitalist countries seemed clear. But on the night of June 22, 1941, the progress of the Third Five-Year Plan was interrupted—Hitler's armies were pouring in across the border.

The entire economy had to be reoriented for the tasks of war. Although German imperialism in its fascist version was immensely stronger than in its Kaiserist pattern of three decades earlier, Hitler was also not invading the Russia of the Czars. The national income of the USSR was six times greater than that of Russia before World War I and industrial production had increased over eleven times. In World War II the Soviet Union produced thirty times more pieces of artillery, fifty times more machineguns, five times more rifles, sixteen times as many mine throwers, and fifteen times more shells and bombs than did Czarist Russia in World War I. Approximately

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30,000 tanks and 40,000 airplanes were produced annually in the course of World War II, an achievement that the general staff of the old regime could not have even dreamed of.

The Five-Year Plans had transformed the country: illiterate and industrially backward "Holy Mother" Russia had departed between the covers of history texts, the new land of socialism was a modern industrial power able to receive the blow of the armored fascist fist, prepare counterblows while retreating before superior forces of the enemy, strike back, and continue hammering, smashing, and shattering until nothing was left of hundreds of divisions of Germany and its satellites, and the red flag went up in Berlin.

Victory was expensive, not only in human lives (the Soviet Union lost over 7,000,000), but also in the devastation which the invaders inflicted on the country. The fruits of labor of the entire country for several years were wiped out. In the civil war of 1918-22 the toilers of Russia had won militarily over the forces of reaction; in World War II the peoples of the Soviet Union defeated and crushed militarily the greatest and best organized aggregation of reactionary forces. But the ultimate objective of the great October Socialist Revolution, a new society of plenty where at last human needs will be satisfied, had not yet been reached before Hitler attacked. This goal—to reach communism through socialism—the USSR never abandoned, in spite of all that was and is being said to the contrary by the New York *Times*, the Social Democrats, and the entire miscellaneous chorus of anti-Sovieteers. The invasion and World War II interrupted the process of building, but as soon as the enemy was crushed the Soviet Union turned back to construction, as well as reconstruction, back on the old path, to progress steadily toward the goal set in 1917.

Woodcut by P. N. Staronosov, from "The Golden Tail."

MILITARY victory has demonstrated the superiority of the socialist system, but to win economically one must reach a per capita production that surpasses the most advanced capitalist countries. The Fourth Five-Year Plan, to be followed by a Fifth and Sixth, is a direct continuation of the old program, namely, to establish socialism in one country (which was done in the Thirties), and then to move forward as rapidly as possible, on a socialist base, toward an economy of plenty, toward communism.

The new plan is but the next link in this chain.

First of all, the devastation brought about by the war must be eliminated; in all regions production must be brought back to 1940 levels and then exceed them by 1950. Second, heavy industry and railroad transportation must be restored and expanded beyond the 1940 standards. Third, efficiency of labor must be increased and scientific progress accelerated. Fourth, by 1950 the rate of capital accumulation must be stepped up beyond the pre-war levels. Fifth, defense must be raised *qualitatively* to new heights, so as to ensure an uninterrupted progress in the future.

By 1950 the USSR expects to achieve an industrial output 48% higher than in 1940 for the entire country and 15% higher than in 1940 for the areas that were invaded and devastated. The national income is scheduled to reach 177 billion rubles (in prices of 1926-27) by 1950, as against 128.3 billions in 1940 and 21 billions in 1913 (also in 1926-27 prices). Total agricultural production is scheduled to

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reach 225 in 1950 (with 1932 as 100), whereas it equalled 177 in 1940.

The Fourth Five-Year Plan establishes in black and white the norms to be reached by each industry by 1950. Here we find not only figures set for iron and steel, automobile trucks and electric locomotives, cement and woolen fabrics, vegetable oil and soap, but also figures for the number of specialists to be trained in various fields, theaters and libraries to be built, health and medical services to be expanded. By 1950 total wages paid out are to exceed 1940 by 48%, the turnover of goods in state and cooperative stores by 28%, non-durable consumers' goods in the market by 23%, and durable consumers' goods by 36%.

After World War I and the civil war it took approximately six years for the old production norms to be restored. The Fourth Five-Year Plan will end reconstruction in 1948 and devote the remaining two years to surpassing previous norms. The plan also provides detailed activities schedules by republics, which show, as was the case before World War II, that the still backward areas are to get the proportionally higher appropriations of funds.

The launching of this five-year program necessitates a new orientation of all activities, which only recently were directed toward the war effort. This cannot be accomplished without some friction and difficulties, particularly in the first year, and the Soviet press is full of discussions of local maladjustment, cases of inefficiency and the like. All this is, of course, eagerly picked up by the New York *Times* and other organs of the big press, which so far have ignored the plan itself. Such one-sided accompaniment from abroad cannot have any effect on the progress of the plan. The tens of millions engaged in its fulfillment do not use these organs for their guidance. Once more the Soviet Union is on the march toward a better, more abundant life for all. If the big press in the United States chooses to ignore this development that will be its misfortune, not the Soviet Union's. It would, however, be disastrous if the American people were to follow the lead of the big press in this matter. Those who are seriously interested in socialism and the Soviet Union should certainly be provided with the opportunity to read this plan in full.

MORE THAN BAD MANNERS

An Editorial by CHARLES HUMBOLDT

WHEN fascism first came to power in Italy and Germany, many people found it difficult to associate its economic and political aims, no matter how baldly stated, with the brutalities practiced in the prisons and concentration camps of those countries. The bankers and kings of industry were lost sight of in a shirted swarm of thieves, pimps and compulsive torturers, their employes.

Culture also fell victim to these creatures, who were allowed to burn books and make professors of medicine lick dung in the streets of Berlin. We have not come to that, yet.

But when a customs official can treat the ambassador of a sovereign nation, the Soviet Union, like a smuggler, and the Attorney General's office plays spy-catcher to visiting Soviet opera stars, then we know they are taking hints given them from higher up. Why did the Department of Justice see fit to demand the registration as foreign agents of Zoya Haidai and Ivan Patorzhinsky, members of the Kiev State Opera? Did the State Department believe, perhaps, these musicians were here to steal the secrets of the Metropolitan Opera Company?

It is likelier that this was a more or less deliberate act of provocation on the part of State and Justice Department officials, encouraged by the general policy and attitude of the administration. That its effect—the departure of the artists from this country—was not entirely calculated, is evidenced by the loud assurance to a group of visiting Soviet scientists that they will not be required to register as foreign agents.

The officials did not intend to drive the Soviet artists away. They merely wanted to insult them. They had to show that any clerk, baggage inspector, cop or chair warmer in the FBI could put those Russians in their proper place. Like master, like slave.

It is not enough to see this only as one more regrettable incident in the relations of the Soviet Union and the United States. Or only as a barrier to the promotion of cultural understanding and friendship with other nations. We have here rather an experiment in insolence, hooliganism in the realm of culture. Those who respect nothing but the almighty dollar have been given the go-ahead sign by those who respect the dollar above everything else.

It is not necessary for the murderer to be at the scene of the killing. Krupp and Schacht, sitting at the theater, did not ask that this Jew and that trade union leader be strangled. Nor did any du Pont, Pew, Morgan or the like demand the humiliation of two Soviet singers. But when gentlemen in exclusive clubs see a nation of 193,000,000 working people as nothing but an obstacle to unlimited profits, it is only natural that their body servants should have similar thoughts, each within the limits of his own imagination. While the banker plans world conquest, the Assistant Secretary of State resents the execution of fascist traitors, the Attorney General behaves like a deputy sheriff, and cop and clerk dream of tar and feathers and brass knuckles.

The American ruling class has a pleasant fantasy. Just as every foreign product bears the name of its country of origin in English, "Made in Sweden," "Made in Brazil," so it would like all works of culture to bear the stamp, "By Permission of the United States." Glorious vision. We recognize it for what it is: the Nazi scheme with a new trademark pasted on it. In protesting the insult to the Soviet artists, we must also break up the pattern of which it is a small but meaningful unit.

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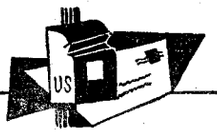

Life With the FBI

To New Masses: Many things happen in a person's lifetime, and many things happened to me, too. But what is going on right now is quite unusual, and that is why I want to write about it.

There was a time, way back in Germany, when I was trailed by the Gestapo. They came across some pamphlets in a working-class district, denouncing their Fuehrer and his ideas, and they got a hunch that I might have something to do with it. So they followed me wherever I went. And young and unexperienced as I was, I was completely unaware of the shadows that followed my path. It was quite a surprise and a shock to me when later one of the bandits told me that on such and such a day he and his colleague ate in a certain restaurant at the same time I did. Well, to make a long story short, it did cost me a bad time in Hitler's prison, and looking back I was certainly lucky to have got away so "cheaply."

I found asylum in many countries, but wherever I went Hitler went too, and finally I had to cross the ocean and came to the US. With Hitler Germany defeated and the Nazis crushed I thought it might be a good idea to go back there and work in the ranks of decent, democratic Germans in their terrific job despite the fact that I am Jewish, and that it was from the hands of Germans that my family met their most cruel fate.

There were very exciting days of packing and saying goodby to all my dear American friends, and it was not easy to say farewell to New York, which I love and which was home to me for so many years. But one morning I woke up and found myself the wife of a super-duper "Kremlin agent," with my name and picture in all the papers and all the fanfare the American press gives so-called "sensations."

I must have had a very naive notion of the FBI, thinking of it as a kind of secret police that follows one very discreetly and in such a way that one is not aware that all his movements are watched. I learned better these last days. I and the whole street on which I live can watch them. I know all their habits, their gestures and their peculiarities. There are about six to eight FBI men attached to us, day and night, posted at strategic points. Two in the courtyard, two half a flight above our apartment, sitting on the stairs, sticking their heads out as soon as the door opens or someone rings the bell. The rest sit in two, sometimes even three cars, always ready to turn the motor on. When we leave the house, the employes of that great American educator, J. Edgar Hoover, go with us. When we go shopping they post themselves right in front of the door, frightening the storekeepers who would like to talk with us a little. When we go to a restaurant they occupy the table next to us; when we go to the movies, they sit in the row behind us. The other day we thought they should get something good for their money and we went to see the picture *Russia on Parade*.

My husband likes to take long walks, and whether they like it or not (chances are they do not like it) they have to walk with him quite a few city blocks. I think they like restaurants and movies best. We, of course, do what we can for them. Sometimes they get bored standing around downstairs, so they play with the children in my street. The most popular game with the children now is "FBI." They sing in a chorus and print the three letters on the sidewalk.

There is sightseeing, too. People from the neighboring streets come around and the natives show them where the "Moscow spy" lives. I don't blame the people in my street for keeping the vigil with the FBI. They have the time of their lives. After all, how often does it happen that a neighbor, whom they thought a nice, mild-mannered man, turns out to be the boss of all the Reds? That sensation has to be enjoyed to the last drop. But they are kind of bewildered by our behavior. We walk through the street, go to the grocer as if nothing happened. One woman expressed the good instinct of the common people and their sense of justice when she asked the simple question: Why were the Communists good enough to help us win the war, and why are they persecuted now?

Why that psychological warfare against us? What kind of an *ersatz* prison is this supposed to be? Even if *Life With Father* had a run of several years, I hope our "Life With the FBI" will end soon. We bore each other to death.

Hilde Eisler.

Queens, New York.

Challenge *from* Youth

To New Masses: Richard Boyer's article, "Challenge to Youth" (NM, October 22), is very commendable. But it would have had more appeal if it had been built upon the solid foundation of prior articles in NM discussing the problems and activities of youth. Coming like a thunderbolt after a period of silence on young people's doings, one may well ask, "Why all of a sudden such an article?"

NM wants to grow on campus and among veterans' groups. To do so we have to pay attention to these people. We seem to have forgotten the traditions and rich experiences of the youth movement of prewar days. Are we to bury in silence the peace strikes of the American Student Union, when hundreds of thousands of students demonstrated for peace and in support of Loyalist Spain? Didn't the building of the American Youth Congress with the broadest kinds of organizations participating around a common program enrich the fabric of a progressive movement?

I don't cite these examples because of a nostalgic yearning on my part. These points are important because youth is in a ferment today and NM is ignoring it. You printed an expose of the Youth for Christ, Hearst-led organization. Very good, but that is a defensive and somewhat negative approach. What of American Youth for Democracy, a chapter of which at Brooklyn led a mass student fight to oust Gideonse as president of the school—Gideonse, a leader of the so-called Liberal Party, one of the Social-Democratic intellectuals?

Is the newly-formed World Federation of Democratic Youth of no consequence? Does the International Union of Students represent nothing in the fight for a progressive America? The examples are endless of the present-day militancy of young people. Let's publicize these facts and analyze them. Youth must assume its necessary place in progressive leadership. It is time for the older progressives to put an end to their paternalistic attitude of patting the youngsters on the head and considering them only in terms of doorbell ringers and leaflet dispensers.

R. Fox.

Brooklyn

We believe this criticism is merited and we shall do our best to correct our lack of coverage in this field. We have in preparation now a comprehensive piece on the veterans, to be published in an early issue, and we will do more. However, we need the cooperation of the youth movement itself which, in the past months, has failed to ask for the floor in NM's pages. What about it AYD, students, young workers, vets? The Editors.

What a Relief!

To New Masses: I am an old prospector. Many years ago in the California desert the heat was intense and I had no water to drink. Soon my food was gone and I will always remember the torture. One morning I met another prospector who had both, which saved my life. And so today when we get in the press and radio, etc., a lot of hot false air, what a relief when we can get a copy of NM and get the truth. Virginia Gardner is tops and more power to you all.

Leo Blank.

Portland.

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review and comment

FACTS FOR FRIENDSHIP

Here information about contemporary Soviet life is presented in abundance and in clear focus.

By NORMAN EBERHARDT

A GUIDE TO THE SOVIET UNION, *by William M. Mandel. Dial. $5.*

THE word "guide" usually has a depressing effect, suggesting dull, close-packed descriptions and endless tables. In that sense, William Mandel's 458-page work, which is lively and easily read by the ordinary unacademic, unstatistical person, is not a guidebook at all. On the other hand, the information and figures one is likely to need are there, woven into integral relationship with the recent history, policies, goals and aspirations of the government and peoples of the USSR. The spotlight is kept constantly on present postwar conditions and tendencies, with the past brought in only to show their origins. The author has combined attention to detail with an over-all view of how a new world grows. His method is new and should be a model for others. It enriches the understanding of the reader while adding to factual knowledge. In this highly honorable sense, the term "guide" is most appropriate to his treatment.

The book opens with a geographical section. Read in conjunction with the maps on the end-papers, this leaves one with a clear idea of the main political divisions (republics) and economic regions of the Soviet continent. As elsewhere, the approach is historical, not static. One learns not only about resources and peoples, but also their development before and after the Revolution, in the course of the war, as envisaged for the future, and as expressions of basic policy.

Especially important today are the facts on what were once the Czar's colonies. Stalin said in 1920: "Czarism implanted among the natives . . . hostility for everything Russian. . . . In order to remove this mistrust we must first help the populace to emancipate themselves from the feudal-patriarchal yoke; we must abolish, in actual fact and not in words, all the privileges of [Russian] colonists; we must enable the masses to taste of *the material benefits* of the Revolution."

In the war just past, ex-colonials fought and built for victory. Uzbekistan, within a stone's throw of Iran, Afghanistan and India and once similar to them in backwardness, had become comparable in its material development to Sweden, ranking above any European state in mechanization of agriculture and deriving three-quarters of its national income from industry. In Azerbaijan, where women were veiled and secluded in pre-revolutionary days, they now stand high in industrial management and occupy two posts in the cabinet. When we remember that "British freedoms" were nourished by imperial loot, and that the American republic is now evolving the Philippine and Korean models of "national liberation," it becomes clear why Asiatic peoples are attracted by Soviet rather than bourgeois democracy.

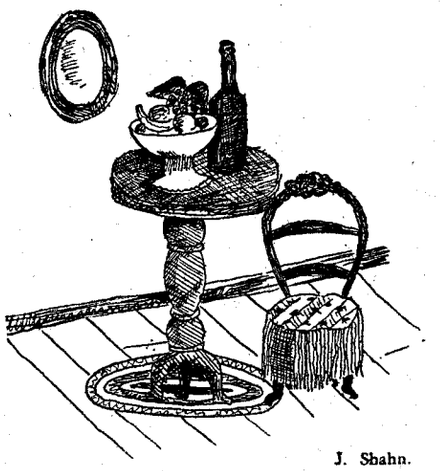
Perhaps the best way to show the wealth of information in Mandel's book is to see what answers it provides to the questions and charges with which the commercial press adorns its beloved "Soviet enigma." Mandel himself does not deal with these questions, but his facts do.

Did the Soviet leaders minimize the Allied war effort to their people? Stalin told the Russians on our D-day that "the history of wars does not know any similar undertaking as broad in conception, as grandiose in its scale, and so masterly in execution."

Do the Soviets want to cut themselves off from the world? Mandel reports that "the Soviet peoples welcomed the Moscow and Teheran conferences enthusiastically *as the end of a quarter-century of dangerous isolation into which their country had been forced.*" No less a character than Sir Alexander Cadogan said at the preliminary United Nations conference at Dumbarton Oaks: "It was, I think, on Mr. Molotov's initiative that the decision to hold these discussions was taken."

Are Russians kept in the dark as regards pre-Soviet and foreign life and thought? Professor Ernest Simmons, of Cornell and Columbia, says that in Soviet middle schools "many hours are devoted to the study of both English and American history." Edgar Snow discovered that 36,000,000 copies of books by 201 US writers had been published in Soviet languages since 1917. Victor Hugo outsold other foreign classics with 3,378,000 copies, being followed by Maupassant, Zola, Dickens, Barbusse, Anatole France, Balzac and Shakespeare. Of the authors of Czarist Russia, Chekhov alone had sold 14,000,000.

Has a new "ruling class" taken over from the working people and modified Marxism? Of 1,339 members of the Supreme Soviet, 511 are workers, 349 peasants, and 479 white-collar employes in origin. Present Soviet practice does not contradict but follows Karl Marx, who wrote in 1875 of the initial forms of the revolutionary state: "What we have to deal with here is a Communist society, not as it has developed on its own foundations, but . . . as it emerges from capitalist society. . . . Accordingly, the individual producer receives back from society after the deductions have been made (for administration, social insurance, expansion of plant, etc.) exactly



J. Shahn.

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what he gives. But one man is superior to another physically or mentally and so supplies more labor. . . . Equal right . . . recognizes no class differences, because everyone is only a worker like everyone else; but it tacitly recognizes unequal individual endowment. . . . But these defects are inevitable in the first stage of Communist society. In the higher phase, after productive forces have increased, and all the springs of cooperative wealth flow . . . only then can society inscribe on its banners: from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

The difference between the Soviet system of unequal rewards and that under capitalism can be seen from two examples. Coal miners are the highest paid Soviet workers, because of the difficult and dangerous nature of their labor. Rural doctors are paid more than city doctors, because their job is tougher and they have to take more responsibility.

Mr. Mandel's book tells us these things and a great many more. Considering its scope, it has few rough spots and errors. It includes valuable sections on the nature of Soviet planning, the functioning of collective farms, the Soviet GI bill of rights, policy in Eastern Europe, and many other subjects. Everyone who needs to know about the Soviet Union today — and this means everybody—should read it. Unfortunately there is an obstacle. The book is priced at five dollars. A cheap edition is an urgent necessity.

Ambulance Unit

JOURNEY DOWN A BLIND ALLEY, *by Mary Borden. Harper.* $3.75.

BACK in the First World War Mary Borden, a rich young American girl, equipped at her own expense a field hospital of 100 beds, loaded it on trucks and operated it close to the French lines under a special military status that gave her the right to recruit her own American nurses while the French provided all the male officers, the NCO's and the orderlies.

"I did not count the number who died as I knelt beside their stretchers. Great, strong, broken men who apologized in whispers for the trouble they gave in dying; slender boys whom I held in my arms while they cried for their mothers and who mistook me for some anxious woman I would never see; old, patient, humble men, as old as my old ones, who went quietly, so modestly, the French poilu of 1914-1918. I see them still, marching up the long roads of France in their clumsy boots and their heavy gray-blue coats that were too big for them; dogged, patient, steady men, plodding to death in defense of their land. I shall never forget them. Nothing in this new war has dimmed their memory nor crowded them out of the pantheon of the glorious dead."

But in this other world war Mary Borden was an older woman, married to a British officer she had met during the first one. Her husband was an important British MP now, but her private fortune had gone with the crash, so she was no longer equal to the expense of equipping another field hospital for the French. She therefore joined with Lady Hadfield and the two together were able to offer the French the same services as once before. Lady Hadfield's contribution was purely financial, Mary Borden Spears' both financial and personal.

But how different everything was this time. The French were suspicious of the British. It was the period of the "*drole de guerre*," the "Sitzkrieg," the "phony war." A few wounded drifted in; otherwise things were calm, the two armies just facing each other. And the soldiers she saw were nothing like those *gros gaillards* who "took their punishment as all in the day's work and cracked jokes on the operating table. These men, compared to them, are frail and soft. . . ."

As for the officers assigned to her, one of them was open enough to say that he wanted a defeat, that it would do France good to live under the German yoke. He hated the Germans, but he mistrusted the British and was bitter about the whole thing: the war was useless and he wanted defeat as fast as possible.

And when the big German push came the Hadfield-Spears outfit was ordered back, back, back. They never saw a bit of fighting. They saw planes and tanks unused, they got conflicting orders from lying generals, and at last they had to abandon all their equipment and the British nurses were frankly in flight to escape not only the Germans but also the French, who blamed their defeat on the British. During their flight—at snail's pace, with a constant struggle to get a few gallons of gas—they came one evening along a lonesome road to a bridge. An old man and his two sons had felled a

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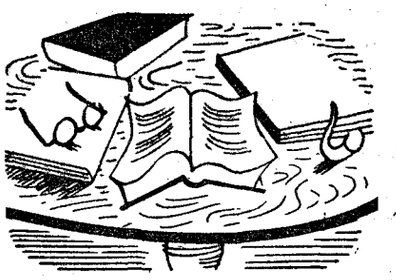
tree across the bridge and stood there with old rifles in their hands. They were out to stop the Germans from going any deeper into their country. This was the only bit of resistance against the Germans that the entire outfit saw during the whole of that war.

Meanwhile her husband Spears had flown back to England after the Dunkirk evacuation and had brought with him in his plane a comparatively unknown man: General de Gaulle. The latter part of the book is concerned mainly with de Gaulle, the Free French and the "mustachios": the Vichy French. One can't possibly follow all the details of these intrigues.

The trouble in the Near East between General de Gaulle and General Spears, Mary Borden's husband, grew out of this: just as Churchill put empire before anything else, even before victory, and just as he wanted the second front in France delayed in favor of a second front in the Balkans which would stop Russia and give England new lands to tie into her imperial network, so de Gaulle also put empire before country and even before victory. In the Near East he was as much anti-British as anti-Vichy—perhaps more so, because in the matter of not liquidating an empire Vichy's desires and his own coincided completely. Syria and Lebanon were traditionally under France's dominion and de Gaulle wasn't going to let them slip away, not even into so-called independence, which he knew would be merely nominal and would in the long run mean British control of one sort or another.

Oh, no, you won't get the full story of this from Mary Borden. You see, she loves the British Empire and she loves France: that is to say, she loves a nation and her own empire. And of course she can't see that de Gaulle too might like England as a nation and the French empire also. De Gaulle eventually makes accusations against General Spears so that Churchill himself has to get up in Parliament and refute certain "lies," which accused General Spears of fomenting Lebanese aspirations for independence and riots against the French. Meanwhile Mary Borden accuses the French of trying to fix the elections, of using force, of tampering with ballot boxes, in spite of which they lost out.

And everything might have been so pleasant but for these imperial squabbles. "General Montgomery came for



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the weekend, suddenly, from Sicily. He had come for a rest and he sat all day Sunday in the garden. 'Isn't he a darling?' Maie said. 'So cozy.'

"He showed me the new ribbon of the Africa Star. 'The yellow is the color of my car,' he said. 'I matched it.' He wasn't enthusiastic when I told him I was with the French. 'There are only two nations that can fight the Germans—the British and the Americans'."

And then back to work. An air raid during an operation. Lights out. A big abdominal operation with the help of a hurricane lamp. And a man's intestines spread out on the floor and the nurses nearly stepping on them . . . but the man got well. . . . The Spears outfit prided itself on cleanliness, medical efficiency and loving care.

And now the victorious Allies are streaming into France, into Paris, while Radio Levant talks only of General Le Clerc and General Koenig, with not a word of British or Americans. (Not that Mary Borden ever has a word to say of the Russians.) So back to France, for the third time, goes the Spears hospital, and the famous Spears nurses whom the Free French had dubbed the "Spirettes." There was no end of work to be done; the wounded flowed in and out, either to health or to a grave. And finally the victory celebration, the parade down the Champs Elysees. And the Spears hospital was to be part of it. After that their orders were to go to the Far East.

But they didn't go. General de Gaulle went purple with rage when he saw the Spears cars parading with both French and British flags, and when he heard wounded soldiers yell "Voila Spears! Vive Spears!" The Hadfield-Spears ambulance unit was ordered dissolved immediately. De Gaulle denied that it had anything to do with the British flag displayed at the parade, but his excuses were lame.

So there the matter stands. And one wonders: Mary Borden was once an American. If she hasn't learned what it's all about yet, perhaps she may in the near future when the British Empire comes into conflict with the American. Or perhaps she has already learned and her knowledge is concealed in the title of her book: *Journey Down a Blind Alley*. Or will it take more ambulances, more empty eye sockets, more intestines spread on floors?

GUY ENDORE.

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sights and sounds

REVIVALS WITHOUT REPERTORY

Productions of drama classics are seen to fall short of repertory company possibilities.

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

THE 1944 season saw revivals of Shakespeare, Chekhov and Shaw. Last year saw a season of the great English repertory company, the Old Vic, presenting Sophocles, Shakespeare, Sheridan and Chekhov, several other productions of Shakespeare and Shaw, the historical repertory of the actor-student company, the Theater Workshop, organized by Erwin Piscator, and a Theater Guild revival of Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped.* It also saw a perversion, dictated by calendar-art taste, of an old Chinese play, *Lute Song;* a perversion of Sophocles' *Antigone* dictated by the decadent ethics and esthetics of the Paris boulevards during the German occupation; and a perversion of Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (produced here as *The Would-Be Gentleman*) put to the services of a talented comedian's egotism. This year's young season has already seen four revivals, Webster's *Duchess of Malfi,* Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan,* Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and Aristophanes' *Lysistrata.*

It would appear, therefore, that one deficiency of the New York stage, the scandalous inattention to the classics, is being remedied. But the remedies are questionable.

What may be the cause of this trend to the classics? It cannot merely be a dearth of good new plays, for that dearth has been chronic as far back as one can remember. I am inclined to believe rather that, like the vastly increased importance of "reprints" in book publication, it reflects the rising general level of education, which has made deeper layers of the population aware that there are classics and curious to see them.

How will Broadway, which remains one of the best horrible examples of culture under capitalism, serve this new interest? On the evidence of the three perversions of the classics in last year's revivals, of failures in two of the four revivals already shown this year, and of the star fixation that characterizes a third, the prospects are not too encouraging.

Of this year's four revivals, the Jose Ferrer production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and, to a lesser extent, Elizabeth Bergner's *Duchess of Malfi* are examples of the imbalance of the star-dominated production which is a consequence of Broadway's over-exploitation of talent and personality. The *Lysistrata,* with an all-Negro cast, was an example of several types of box-office exploitation working at cross purposes. *Lady Windermere's Fan* came closest to the integrated production most often achieved in a repertory company. Together with the Theater Guild's production of O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* it provides an example of the sort of balanced casting, the matured sense of style, the lived-together experience that bring these productions close to the achievements of such communally organized theaters as the Old Vic and the Russian companies.

THE utter failure, artistically, among these revivals was the *Lysistrata,* which was also a box-office failure. It lasted less than a week.

There was poor judgment in the very choice of the play. I have seen three productions of it, and I have read it several times; no classic, it seems to me, places such pitfalls in the way of a modern production. The most successful of the three productions, the one, some fifteen years back, in which Miriam Hopkins was starred, deliberately played it for its salacity. For that, however, a modern bedroom farce would have served as well and have been as "classic."

The trap in *Lysistrata* is that Aristophanes' political position, and therefore the impulses that inspired the play, are either ignored or unknown. Aristophanes was an Athenian reactionary. He was anti-war in much the sense that our isolationists were anti-war. His *Lysistrata* is an exploitation rather than an expression of the people's desire for peace. With the exception of Lysistrata herself, Aristophanes' aristocratic contempt is shown in his portraiture of the women rebels as sluts.

So far as the main point of the play is concerned, it is made in five minutes of the first act. In Aristophanes' text the development is bright and rich, but is so dependent on time and place associations that only those who are erudite in ancient Greek history and culture can follow it. The modern producer is therefore left with two alternatives. One is to emphasize, which actually means to exaggerate, the peace message of the play, as was the case in the Theater Workshop production. The other is to turn it into broad farce in which Athens and peace have as little significance as any place-name and any abstract virtue.

This season's all-Negro production tried something in between. It tried to accentuate the peace message with an interpolated modern war-profiteer note which further confused an already thoroughly confused production. Why good Negro actors were wasted in such an enterprise is beyond me. With so much for them to express in American life, why turn to a classic which modern thinking has so misconceived?

THE production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* has over-strenuous and overshadowing though well-individualized acting by Jose Ferrer. It so dominated the production that the rest of the cast were little more than talking props. The play itself, it is true, encourages this solo playing. But a company performance like that of Old Vic or the Moscow theaters would have provided a more animate body for such a head.

As for the play itself, it may be wrong fare for those who have entered middle age. In adolescence I read the play with delight. Now, as I listened to the lines, they seemed stilted, artificial and banal. To listen to it, as I did, after Webster's magnificent verse

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in *The Duchess of Malfi*, was something of an esthetic shock.

The story, as you probably know, is about a Gascon knight with a fantastically long nose which another man may mention only at the peril of his life. His deformity has bred in Cyrano a bitter wit, as dangerous as his sword; and it makes hopeless his love for the beauty who is the heroine of the play. For her sake he endures the insults of the callow youth whom she loves; and he writes for him, and even speaks for him, the inspired verses and repartee which the over-literary lady craves.

Cyrano seems to me the idealized adolescent; and his duelling feats and love sacrifice are the typical content of the consoling day-dreams of the adolescent afflicted with a sense of inferiority. The final scene in which love and death come swooningly together is of the very essence of the adolescent revery.

But adolescence, though it has its age and psychological limits, is an eternal phenomenon, and even in adults it casts a lingering afterglow. There is consequently no reason to dismiss Cyrano on that score. Its poetry is another matter. A more varied production might have distracted attention from its banality. In Ferrer's solo the poetry became monotonous as well as banal.

"THE DUCHESS OF MALFI," which, of the four revivals, stands out as the greatest play, is a different case. Elizabeth Bergner dominates the production, not by an aggressive possession of the stage, but by the superior sensitiveness of her performance. The other actors were given their centering on the stage; and Canada Lee, particularly, was effective in his role. But the completeness of Bergner's realization of her role is something few actors achieve. She could go from amorous play, done with unaffected charm, to the most appalling of tragic suffering and be equally real in each. The feat is all the more remarkable in that she had to overcome the disadvantage of an accent.

The play itself is one of the greatest of the Elizabethan tragedies, one that stands comparison with Shakespeare. It is a study of incest with sidelights on the corruption of the princes of the church. Its effects are those of the great dramas of its epoch—keen psychological insights and poetry of grandeur.

It is good to have so beautiful a play on the boards and good to have a performance, in the Duchess' role, that so fulfils its majesty and humanity. Yet I cannot help speculating how much more of the values of the play would have been realized had that superb performance been integrated into a more balanced and established theater company.

OF THE four revivals the most successful as a rounded, balanced production was *Lady Windermere's Fan*. It offered no single piece of acting of the stature of Bergner's, but the performances of the chief characters were all on a high level. There was a stylization in the directing that, like the costuming and decor, was on most compatible terms with the consciously artificial text.

The play itself is in the continuing English tradition of the comedy of manners that came in with the Restoration and was previsioned in Ben Jonson. To it Wilde added something new, a perspective that the socialist movement had brought in. Not in direct terms, but in the implications, Wilde satirized the snobbism, the hyprocrisy, the mercenary motives and the triviality of high society not as character traits, as his predecessors had done, but as class traits.

THE point I have been trying to make in this review is that, especially in the performances of the growingly popular classics, productions like those of state-guaranteed companies such as the Old Vic and the Russian companies can serve infinitely better than the present Broadway chaos. A mess like the *Lysistrata* would then have been impossible as would so overbalanced a production as the *Cyrano*. The *Malfi* would have been still richer, and *Lady Windermere*, together with the richer *Malfi*, would have been not a passing phenomenon of the 1946 season, but a theater delight to return to through the years.

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to those who saw the movie version of *Days and Nights*, but it tells it much better than the earlier version. Beginning at a time when the fighting is to the west of Stalingrad, when the general in command of that front is relieved of his post, it is a projection of the strategy which successfully defended the city and which led to the victorious counterattack and the capture of Von Paulus. This may sound like a pretty schematic outline and it may suggest an army training film more than screen drama, but the question of tactics, of whether or not the city should be defended at all, of when or if the reserves should be used—and a dozen allied questions—are projected through the characters in striking fashion.

The characters themselves are often typical representatives of points of view. There is General Vinogradov, who has been relieved of his command, a cautious, almost hesitant man, whose faith is in the Second Front—and this was 1942. His opposite is General Krivenko, young and impetuous, whose only idea is to attack. Between the two is Panteleyev, an older man, quiet and serene, a mixture of calculation and daring. Over them is General Muravyev, who has the job of coordinating them, of holding Stalingrad past what must have seemed the point of human endurance, hoarding his reserve troops for the terrific offensive which followed.

It is the story, too, of the men in the line, the real saviors of Stalingrad, of "Minutka," who dies splicing a communications line; of the good soldier Stepan and his beat-up gaunt lieutenant who, like the heroes of *Days and Nights*, hold one house through the long months and who, like their counterparts in actual history, were the "negotiating party" that dragged Von Paulus out of his hole.

In one sense the movie is almost a *tour de force*. The military strategy which is its theme is almost an abstraction, and the problem of dramatizing it, without marring the projection of that strategy, is one of the most difficult assignments a director could have. Frederick Ermler, who may be remembered as the director of *The Peasants*, does a remarkable job with the problem he has set for himself. The spectator may or may not feel that the present work is as fine as *The Peasants*. Difference in subject makes this film a much more difficult accomplishment.

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The movie starts rather slowly and some of the early footage might be cut to advantage, but the longish film has a powerful cumulative effect. The acting is generally very good with Alexei Zrazhevsky as General Panteleyev especially notable. Andrei Abrikosov as Krivenko is not above mugging now and again. Nikhail Derzhavin does a good job with a difficult, at times almost static, leading role. There are several interesting directorial effects, as for instance one scene where Derzhavin sits silently before the staff map awaiting an attack, while the others, talking out of camera range, act as a kind of chorus and commentary to indicate his tension and the line of his thought. The camera work is excellent, especially the pictorial scenes of the early retreat and some terrific, brief battle scenes in front of the building held by Stepan and his lieutenant—the building, a heap of rubble like a thousand others, becoming, in miniature, the battle for the entire city.

"THE REBIRTH OF STALINGRAD" is being shown along with *The Turning Point*, and in its own way is as moving as the other film. It starts with the fantastic agglomeration of rubble that had once been "the St. Louis of the Volga," the burnt-out shells of buildings and the smashed factories. It ends with a picture of the city today, still terribly damaged, but with many of its huge factories turning out tractors, and enough of the wreckage cleared away so that the city is taking shape again.

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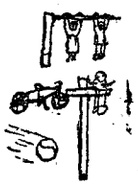

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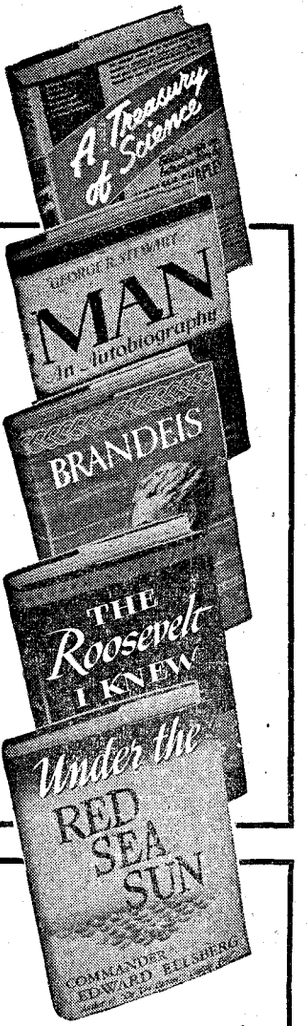

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